The youth in his naturall state
Etat. Su. 16.

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War with the Devil:
OR, THE
Young MANS Conflict
WITH THE
Powers of Darkneſs.

In a Dialogue,

Diſcovering the Corruption and Vanity of Youth, the Horrible Nature of Sin, and Deplorable condition of Fallen Man.

Alſo, a Definition, Power, and Rule of *Conſcience*, and the Nature of true *Converſion*.

To which is Added,

An Appendix, containing a *Dialogue* between an Old *Apoſtate*, and a Young *Profeſſor*.

Worthy the Peruſal of all, but chiefly intended for the Inſtruction of the Younger ſort.

The Eighth Impreſſion.

By Benjamin Keach, *Author of* Sion in Diſtreſs, *or the* Groans of the Proteſtant Church.

Pſal. 119. v. 9. *Wherewithal ſhall a Young-Man cleanſe his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy Word.*

Licenſed and Entred according to Order.

London, Printed for *S. Harris*, and are to be Sold by *Peter Parker*, at the Sign of the *Legg* and *Star* over-againſt the *Royal-Exchange* in *Cornhill*, 1691.

Sam Manfield
No 66

1073. P 24
DR WILLIAMS'S
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By a Friend, in Commendation of theſe POEMS.

MY Muſe is Dull, although I have a Will,
This Book for to Commend, I want the Skill;
I know not how its worth for to declare,
Few Poems *may doubtleſs with it compare;*
Nor for rare Elegant Scholaſtick ſtrains,
Which flow alone from thoſe quick-witted Brains,
Who with their Rhetorick and curious Art,
Strive to affect the Fancy, not the Heart.
This Treatiſe read, (kind friend) and thou ſhalt ſee,
'Tis chiefly fill'd with choice Divinity.
The Author ſoars on high, his main Deſigne
Is to Inſtruct that precious Soul of thine
I'th' path Cœleſtial, ſhews thee very plain
How thou in Chriſt an Int'reſt may'ſt obtain:
Or, if in Chriſt thy Soul has got a place,
He to thy joy ſhews forth thy happy Caſe.
This Poem's *like a Meſſenger ſent forth,*
To give a viſit to the drowzy Earth.

The sluggish Soul it strives for to awake,
Before it drops into the Fiery Lake:
There's very few upon the Earth do live,
But might from hence some Benefit receive;
For though it is brought forth in this our Clime,
Yet 'twill agree with every place and time:
Its Message is of such a large extent,
It may in Truth to all the World be sent:
To Male and Female, low and high degree,
He speaks a word to Bond as well as Free.
All in whom Conscience dwells, he lets them see
Consciences great Power and Authority.
When Heav'ns hot Thunder-Bolts, with fire and hail,
Made Egypts *mighty Monarch's Courage fail;*
Conscience stept in, made him cry out amain,
The Lord is just; I, and my wicked Train
Have Sin'd: Yea, Conscience also brings
Saul *Son of* Kish, *the first of* Israels *Kings,*
Before the Prophet, humbly to Confess
That he had Sin'd, and acted Wickedness.
Conscience made David *to cry out amain,*
'Tis I have Sin'd: *I have* Uriah *Slain.*
Though David *slew a Lyon and a Bear,*
And did not the great Gyants Courage fear:
Yet Conscience made him stoop and tremble too,
And more this you'l find Conscience can do.
Here's Counsel for Professors and Prophane,
Choose, or refuse, here's loss and also gain.
One Reason, Reader, *of this Mode or Style,*
Is that it might with honest Craft beguile

Such

Such curious Fancies, who had rather chuſe
To read Ten lines in Verſe, than one in Proſe;
And as the nimble Fly, that lightly ſprings
Againſt the Flame, until ſhe burns her Wings,
Is taken Captive with that Sulph'rous flame,
With which ſhe thought to Sport and Game:
So while thoſe curious Fancies think to play
With this ſmall piece, 'twill ſecretly betray
Them to their Conſcience, and if Conſcience ſend
Them to Gods Word, the Author has his end.
Provided that unto the ſame they yield,
And Grace and Conſcience do obtain the Field.

Farewell,

W. B.

To the Reader, in Vindication of this Book.

ONe or two lines to Thee I'le here commend,
This honeſt POEM *briefly to defend*
From Calumny, becauſe that at this day,
All Poetry *there's many do Gain-ſay,*
And very much Condemn, as if the ſame,
Did worthily deſerve Reproach and Blame.
If any Book in Verſe they chance to ſpy,
Away Prophane, *they preſently do cry:*
But though this kind of Writing ſome diſpraiſe,
Sith Men ſo Captious are in theſe our days;
Yet I dare ſay, how e're this ſcruple roſe,
Verſe *hath expreſs'd as Sacred things as Proſe:*
Though ſome there be, that Poetry *abuſe,*
Muſt we therefore not the ſame Method uſe?
Yea ſure, for of my Conſcience 'tis the beſt
And doth deſerve more Honour than the reſt:
For 'tis no humane knowledge gain'd by Art,
But rather 'tis Inſpir'd into the Heart
By Divine means, for true Divinity
Hath with the Science great Affinity:
Though ſome, (through Ignorance) do it oppoſe,
Many do it Eſteem far more than Proſe;
And finds alſo, that unto them it brings
Content, and hath been the delight of KINGS.
David, *although a King, yet was a* Poet,
And Solomon *alſo, the Scriptures ſhow it,*
Then what for all this ſome ſhould abaſe it?
I'm apt to think the Angels do embrace it:
And though God giv't here but in part to ſome,
Saints ſhall have it perfect in the World to come.

E. B.

YOUTH
IN HIS
Unconverted State.

Youth.

THe *Naturaliſts* moſt aptly do compare
My Age unto the Spring, whoſe Beauty's rare;
When ſprightly *Sol* enters the Golden Sign,
Which is call'd *Aries*, his glorious Shine
And ſplendent Rays, do cauſe the Earth to ſpring,
And Trees to Bud, and quicken every thing.
All Plants, and Herbs, and Flowers, then do flouriſh,
The Graſs doth ſprout, the tender Lambs to nouriſh:
Thoſe things in Winter that ſeemed to be Dead,
Do now riſe up and briskly ſhew their Head,
And do obtain a Natural Reſurrection,
By his hot Beams, and powerful Reflection.
How in the pleaſant fruitful Month of *May*,
Are Meadows clad with Flowers Rich and Gay;
And all Earths Globe adorn'd in Garments Green,
Mix'd with rare Yellow, Crown'd like to a Queen;

The *Primroſe*, *Cowſlip*, and the *Violet*,
Are curiouſly with other Flowers ſet;
And chirping Birds, with their Melodious ſounds,
Delight Man's heart, whoſe pleaſure now abounds;
The Winter's paſt, with ſtormy Snow and Rain,
And long 'twill be e're ſuch things come again;
Nothing but joy and ſweet Delights appear,
Whilſt doth abide the Spring time of the Year.

Thus 'tis with me, who am now in my prime,
In Merriment and Joy I ſpend my time;
And like as Birds do in the lovely Spring;
I ſo rejoyce with my Conſorts and Sing,
And ſpend my days in ſweet paſtime and mirth,
And nought ſhall grieve or trouble me on Earth:
I am reſolv'd to ſearch the World about,
But I will ſuck the ſweetneſs of it out.
No Stone I'le leave unturn'd, that I may find
Content and Joy unto my craving Mind:
No Sorrow ſhall, whilſt I do live, come near me,
Nor ſhall the Preacher with his Fancies fear me;
At Cards and Dice, and ſuch brave Games I'le play,
And like a Courtier, Deck my ſelf moſt Gay,
With Perriwig and Muff, and ſuch fine things,
With Sword and Belt, Goloſhooes, and Gold-rings,
Where Bulls & Bears they Bait, and Cocks do fight,
I do reſort with ſpeed, there's my Delight;
To drink and ſport amongſt the jovial Crew
I do reſolve, what ever doth enſue;
And Court fair Ladies, that I alſo Love,
And of all things do very well approve,

Which

Which tend my Senſual part to ſatisfie,
From whence comes all my choice Felicity.
What e're mine Ears do hear, and Eyes behold,
Or heart deſire, if ſo that all my Gold
And Silver can for me thoſe things procure,
I'le ſpare no coſt, nor pains, you muſt be ſure.
Thus is my Life made very ſweet to me,
Whilſt others hurried are in Miſery;
Whoſe Minds with ſtrange conceits troubled remain,
Thinking by looſing all, that way to gain.
Such Riddles I can't learn, I muſt them leave,
What's ſeen and felt, I am reſolv'd to have;
Let ev'ry Man his Mind and Fancy fill,
My Luſt I'le ſatisfie, and have my will.
Who dares Controul me in my preſent way,
Or vex my Mind i'th' leaſt, or me gain-ſay?
What ſtate of Life can equal that of mine?
Youths Gallantry ſo bravely here doth ſhine.

Conſcience.

Controul you, Sir! in truth, and that dare I,
For your contempt of my Authority;
You tread on me without the leaſt regard,
As if I worthy were not to be heard:
You ſtrive to ſtifle me, and therefore I
Am forc'd aloud, *Murther*, with ſpeed to cry:
I can't forbear, but muſt cry out amain,
Such is the wrong which from you I ſuſtain.

Youth.

What are you, Sir, you dare to be ſo bold?
I ſcorn by any he to be controul'd;
E're I have done with you, I'le make you know,
You ſhall your Power and Commiſſion ſhow.

Conſcience.

Be not ſo hot, and you ſhall know my Name,
And alſo learn from whence my Power came.
I'am no Uſurper, yet I do Command
You for to ſtop and make a preſent ſtand.
Your pleaſures you muſt leave, and Vitious Life,
Elſe there will grow a very bitter ſtrife
'Tween you and I, as will appear anon,
If from theſe courſes you don't quickly turn.
For all your courage which you ſeem to take,
The news I bring, is enough to make you quake.

Youth.

Who e're thou art, I'le make you by and by,
Confeſs you have accus'd me wrongfully.
From Murder I am clear, in thought and deed,
Thus to be charg'd, doth make my heart to Bleed:

Pray

Pray let me crave your Name, if you are free,
If you provoke me worſe, 'twill quickly be,
You ſeek occaſion, and are quarrelſome,
And therefore 'tis, I do ſuppoſe you're come:
But if your Name you don't declare to me,
I am reſolv'd to be reveng'd on thee.

Conſcience.

What violence (alas!) can you do more,
Than that which you have done to me before?
Forbear your threats, be ſtill and hold your hand,
And quickly you ſhall know and underſtand
My Name, my Power, and place of Reſidence,
Which may to you prove of great conſequence.
I am a Servant to a Mighty King,
Who Rules and Reigns, and Governs every thing:
Who keeps one Court above, and here below
Another he doth keep, as you ſhall know:
O're this Inferiour Court placed am I,
To act and do, as his great Deputy.
I truly Judge according to my Light,
Yea, and impartially do each Man right,
Thoſe I condemn, who vile and guilty are,
And juſtifie the Holy and Sincere.
I order'd am to watch continually
O're all your actions with a wary Eye:
And I have found how you have of late time
Committed many a bold and horrid Crime

Of Murther, Treaſon, and like Villany,
Againſt the Crown and Glorious Dignity
Of that great Prince, from whence you have your
(breath
Who's King and Ruler over all the Earth.
I am his Judge, Attorney-General,
And have Commiſſion alſo you to call
Unto the Bar, and make you to confeſs
Your horrid Crimes, and fearful Guiltineſs.
A black Indictment I have drawn in Truth,
Againſt thy ſelf, thou miſerable Youth;
Thy Pride I ſhall abate, thy pleaſure Marr,
And bring thee to confeſs with Tears, at Barr,
Thy Sports and Games, and youthful Luſt, to be
Nought elſe but Sin, and curſed Vanity.
And for to put thee alſo out of doubt,
My Name is *Conſcience*, which you bear about;
No other than that Accuſing faculty
Of that dear Soul, which in thy Breaſt doth lye:
I by that Rule Mens thoughts and ways compare,
By which their inward parts enlightned are;
And as they do accord, or diſagree,
I do Accuſe, or clear immediately:
According to your Light you do not Live,
But violate that Rule which God doth give
To you, to ſquare your Life and Actions by,
From hence comes in your Woe and Miſery.

Youth.

Conſcience art thou? why did'ſt not ſpeak e're now?
To mind what thou doſt ſay, I can't tell how:
Thou Melancholy Fancy, fly from me,
My pleaſure I'le not leave in ſpight of thee;
Other brave Gueſts, you ſee, to me are come,
And in my Houſe for thee there is no room.
Doſt think I will be check't by ſilly thought,
And into ſnares my fooliſh Fancy brought;
Is't you which out Murther, only you?
A Figg, (alaſs!) for all that you can do;
For though againſt me you do prate and Preach,
Your very Neck I am reſolv'd to ſtretch.
I'le Swear, Carouſe, and Whore, ſay what you will,
Till I have ſtifled you, and made you ſtill.
I'le clip your Wings, and make you ſee at length,
I do know how to ſpoyl you of your ſtrength.
When you do ſpeak, I will not lend an Ear;
I'le make (in truth) as if I did not hear.
If you ſpeak loud when I am all alone,
I will riſe up, and ſtrait-way will be gone
To the brave Boys, who toſs the Pot about,
And that's the way to wear your Patience out.
I'le go to Plays, and Games, and Dancings to,
And e're a while, I ſhall be rid of you.

Conſcience.

Conſcience.

Thou ſtubborn fooliſh Youth, be not ſo raſh,
Leſt e're you be aware, you feel my Laſh.
I have a Sting, a Whip, yea, and can Bite,
Before you ſhall o'recome, I'le ſtoutly Fight;
I'le gripe you ſore, and make you howl anon,
If you reſolve in Sin ſtill to go on.
I have o'recome ſtrong Hearts, & made them yield
And ſo ſhall you before I quit the Field;
Go where you will, be ſure I'le ſoon come after,
And into ſorrow will I turn your Laughter.
'Twill prove hard work for you to ſhake me off,
Though you at me do ſeem to jear and ſcoff,
As if o're you I had no juriſdiction,
Or was a Dream, a Fancy, or ſome Fiction:
For all your Wrath, I muſt you yet diſturb,
Though you offended are, I can't but curb
And ſnub you daily, as I oft have done,
Till you Repent, and from lewd courſes turn;
For till the cauſe be takan quite away,
Th' Effect will follow, what e're you do ſay:
Unleſs your Light wholly extinguiſh'd be,
If Sin remains, diſturbance you will ſee.
Therefore, I do beſeech you ſoberly,
For to ſubmit to my Authority;
Obey my Voice, I prithee make a tryal,
Before you give another flat denyal:
If more ſweet comfort I don't yield to you,
Than all which doth from ſinful actions flow,

Then me reject; but otherwiſe my Friend,
My checks receive, and to my Motions bend.
Get Peace within, what-ever thou doſt do,
And let vain pleaſures and corruptions go;
That will be better for thy Soul at laſt,
Than Gold or Silver, or what elſe thou haſt:
And ſince we are alone, let thee and I
More mildly talk about Supremacy.
Is't beſt for you that Pride and Folly reign,
Which nought doth bring ſave ſorrow ſhame and pain,
And Conſcience to reject, who perfectly
From Guilt and Bondage ſtrive to ſet you free?
Have not theſe Luſts, by which thou now art led,
Brought many a Man unto a piece of Bread?
What brave Eſtates have ſome conſum'd thereby,
And now are forc'd in Barns on Straw to lye?
How has the Wife been ruin'd with the Child,
Beſides poor Conſcience grievouſly turmoyl'd?
Nay, once again, give ear, I prithee hark,
Han't many a brave and curious ſpark,
Been brought in ſtinking Priſons, there to lye,
For yielding to their Luſt and Vanity?
How many ſwing at *Tyburn* every year,
For ſtabbing Conſcience without care or fear?
And ſome alſo out of their Wits do run,
And by that Means are utterly undone:
Some Men do ſtifle me, I cannot ſpeak,
And then they Sport and Play, and Merry make,
Reſolving that I ſhall not gripe them more,
But quickly then afreſh I make them Roar.

Some

Some of them I do drive into Despair,
When in their Face I do begin to stare;
No rest nor peace at all their Souls can find,
I so disturb and still perplex their Mind.
What say you now, young Man, will you submit?
Weigh well the danger and the benefit.
The danger on the one hand will be great,
If me you do oppose, and ill intreat.
Sweet profit comes, you see, o'th' other hand,
To such who Subject are to my Command.
What dost thou say? Shall I embraced be?
Or wilt thou follow still thy Vanity?

Youth.

Was ever Young-man thus perplext as I,
Who flourished in sweet prosperity?
Where e're I go, *Conscience* dogs me about,
No quiet I can have, in doors nor out.
Conscience, what is the cause you make such strife,
I can't enjoy the comforts of my Life?
I am so grip'd and pinched in my Breast,
I know not where to go, nor where to rest.

Conscience.

'Cause you have wronged and offended me,
Loving vain Pleasures, and Iniquity:
The Light you have, you walk not up unto,
You know 'tis Evil which you daily do.
My witness I must bear continually
For the great God, whose glorious Majesty,

Did

Did in thy Soul give me ſo high a place,
As for to ſtop you in your ſinful Race;
I muſt reprove, accuſe, and you condemn,
Whil'ſt you by ſin, His Soveraignty contemn:
I can't betray my Truſt, nor hold my Peace,
Till I am ſtabbed, ſcar'd, or Light doth ceaſe;
Till you your Life amend, and Sins forſake,
I ſhall purſue you, though your heart doth ake.

Youth.

How bold and malapert is *Conſcience* grown?
Though I upon this Fellow daily frown,
And his advice reject, yet ſtill doth he
Knock at my Door, as if he'd weary me.
Conſcience, I'll have you know in truth, that I
A Perſon am of ſome Authority:
Are you ſo ſawcy, as to curb and chide
Such a brave Spark, who can't your ways abide?
'Tis much below my Birth and Parentage,
And it agrees not with my preſent Age;
For to give place to you, or to regard
Thoſe things from you I have ſo often heard.

Conſcience.

Alas! Proud Fleſh, doſt think thy ſelf too high
To be ſubject to ſuch a one as I?
Thy betters I continually gain-ſay,
If they my motions don't with care obey.
My Power's great, and my Commiſſion large,
There's ſcarce a Man, but I with folly charge.

The King and Peaſant are alike to me,
I favour none of high or low degree:
If they offend, I in their faces fly,
Without regard or fear of ſtanders by.

Youth.

Speak not another word, don't you perceive
There's ſcarce a Man or Woman will believe
What you do ſay, you're grown ſo out of date?
Be ſilent then, and longer do not prate.
I'th' Country your credit is but ſmall,
There's few cares for your Company at all:
The Husband-man the Land-mark can't remove,
But you ſtraight-way him bitterly reprove:
Nor Plow a little of his Neighbour's Land,
But you command him preſently to ſtand.
There's not a Man can go i'th' leaſt awry,
But out againſt him fiercely you do fly.
The People therefore now ſo weary are,
They've thruſt you out almoſt of ev'ry Shire:
And in the City you ſo hated be,
There's very few do care a ruſh for thee:
For if they ſhould believe what you do ſay,
Their Pride and Bravery would ſoon decay;
Their Swearing, Cheating, and their Drunkenneſs,
Would vaniſh quite away, or grow much leſs.
Our craft of Profit, and our Pleaſure too,
Would ſoon go down, and ruin'd be by you.
The Whores and Bawds, with the Play-houſes then
Would be contemned by all ſorts of Men.

You

You ſtrive to ſpoil us of our ſweet delight,
Our Pleaſures you oppoſe with all your Might.
The Fabrick of our Joy you would pull down,
And make our Youth juſt like a Country Clown.
We half Phanaticks ſhould be made ('tis clear)
If unto thee we once inclined were.
But this amongſt the reſt doth chear my heart,
There's very few in *London* take thy part.
Here and there one, which we Nick-name do give,
Who hated are, and judg'd not fit to live.
'Tis out of faſhion grown, I daily ſee,
Conſcience for to regard i'th' leaſt degree.
He that can't Whore and Swear without controul,
We do account to be a timerous Fool.
Therefore, though you ſo deſperately do fall
Upon poor me, yet I do hope I ſhall
Get looſe from you, and then I'll tear the ground,
And in all joy and pleaſure will abound.

Conſcience.

Ah! poor deceived Soul! doſt thou not know,
That moſt of all Mankind i'th' broad way go?
What though they do moſt wickedly abuſe me,
Wilt thou alſo in the like manner uſe me?
What though they will of me no warning take,
Till they drop down into the *Stygian*-Lake?
Wilt thou be-friend the curſed Serpent ſo,
As to go on till coſts thy overthrow?
What tho' I am in no requeſt by them?
Don't they likewiſe God's Holy Word contemn?

Don't they the Gospel cast quite out of sight,
Lest from their Pleasures it should them affright.
What though my friends are tost about and hurl'd,
Their inward Peace is more than all the World
Can give to them, or from them take away,
Whil'st they with diligence do me obey;
As I enlightned am by God's Precepts,
Which are a Guide and Lanthorn to my steps.
O come, proud heart, and longer don't contend,
But leave thy Lust, and to my Scepter bend:
For I'll not leave thee, but with all my pow'r
I'll follow thee unto thy dying hour.

Youth.

Into some private place then will I fly,
Where I may hide my self, and secretly
There I'll enjoy my self in spight of thee;
And thou shalt not i'th' least know where I be.

Conscience.

Nay, fooliſh youth, how can that thing be done,
From *Conscience* it is in vain to run;
No secret place can you find out or spy,
To hide your self from me, such is mine Eye.
I see i'th' Dark, as well as in the Light,
No Doors nor Walls will keep thee from my sight.
Where e're thou art, or goest, am I not near
Thy Soul with horrid guilt to scare and fear?
Could *Cain* or *Judas* get out of my reach,
When once between us there was the like breach?

Did

Did I not follow them unto the end,
And made them know what 'twas for to offend
My glorious Prince, and me his true Vice-Roy?
Vengeance doth follow them who us annoy.
My Counſel then, I prithee take with ſpeed,
For that's the way alone for to be freed
From Vengeance here, and Wrath alſo to come,
When thou do'ſt dye, and at thy day of Doom.

Youth.

What! can't I fly from thee, nor thee ſubdue?
Then I intreat thee, *Conſcience*, don't purſue
Nor follow me ſo cloſe; forbear a while,
Don't you my Beauty, nor my Pleaſures ſpoil.
This is my Spring and Flower of my Age,
Oh! pity me, and ceaſe thy bitter rage:
Don't crop the tender Bud, it is too green:
Oh! let me have thoſe days others have ſeen.
Forbear thy hand, till my wild Oats are ſown;
They muſt be ripe alſo before they're Mown;
Thou haſt forborn with ſome for a long time,
That which I ask of thee is but the prime
Of thoſe good days which God beſtows on me,
Oh that it might once obtained be!
'Tis time enough for to adhere to thee.
After I've ſpent my time in Gallantry,
In earths ſweet joys, and ſuch tranſcendent pleaſures
Which Young Men do eſteem the chiefeſt treaſures.

Conscience.

After all violence and outrage great
Done to poor *Conscience*, do you now entreat?
Thinking for to prevail by flattery,
But that in Truth I utterly defie:
'Tis quite against my Nature, you must know,
Unto vile Lust, fond pity for to show:
God has not given such a Dispensation,
For me to wink at your Abomination:
If God doth once but blow your Candle out,
I shall be quiet then, you need not doubt:
(But woe to you, as ever you were Born,
If God doth once his Light to Darkness turn.)
But while in you remains that legal Light,
Your Sins I can't endure in my sight.
God no Liberty, I am sure, will give
To any one, in horrid Sin to live;
Nor will he give allowance for a day:
'Tis very dangerous for to delay
The work of thy Repentance for an hour.
What thy hands find to do, do with thy pow'r.
If me you don't believe, I prethee Youth,
For to resolve thy self, go to God's Truth.

Youth.

Well! since that you no comfort do afford,
I will enquire of God's most Holy Word:
So far I will your Counsel take, for I
Am sorely troubled, whither shall I fly?

I will make tryal, I reſolve to ſee,
Whether *Truth* and *Conſcience* do agree.
The lip of *Truth* can't lye, though *Conſcience* may;
When that miſguided is, it leads aſtray.
If *Truth* and *Conſcience* ſpeak the ſelf-ſame thing,
'Twill ſome amazement to my Spirit bring.
That now I ask for, and earneſtly crave,
Is ſome ſhort time in ſin longer to have,
Conſcience denies it me: *Truth*, what ſay you?
Oh! that you would a little favour ſhew
To a poor Lad, alas! I am but young,
Like to a Flower, which is lately ſprung
Out of the ground, and *Conſcience* day and night,
Strives for to tread me down with all his might;
Or as the Froſt the tender Bud doth ſpoil,
So has he ſtriven to do a great while;
Muſt I reform, and all my Sins forſake?
Some fitter ſeaſon then, O let me take.
For all things, there's a time under the Sun,
And when I older am, I will return.

Truth.

Nay, hold, vain *Youth*, you are miſtaken now,
No time to ſin God doth to thee allow.
If I may ſpeak, attend, and you ſhall hear,
I with poor *Conſcience* muſt witneſs bear;
I am his Guide, his Rule, 'tis by my Light
He acts and does, and ſpeaks the thing that's right;
You are undone, if you don't ſpeedily
Leave all your Sins and curſed Vanity.

Art thou too Young thy evil ways to leave,
And yet haſt thou a precious Soul to ſave?
Art thou too Young to leave Iniquity,
When old enough in Hell for Sin to lye?
Some fitter ſeaſon *(Youth)* doſt think to find,
The Devil doth dart that into thy mind.
No time ſo fit, as when the Lord doth call;
Thoſe who Rebellious are, they one day ſhall
Smart bitterly for their moſt horrid evil,
In yielding to, and ſiding with the Devil.
But once again, prithee hark to me;
Don't God, whil'ſt thou art young, call unto thee,
Remember thy Creator; therefore now
And unto him with ſpeed ſee you do bow.
The firſt Ripe Fruit of old, God did deſire,
And ſo of thee likewiſe he doth require,
That thou to him a Sacrifice would give
Of thy beſt days, and learn betimes to live
Unto the praiſe of his moſt Holy Name,
And not by ſin to prophane the ſame.
This is (Young-Man) alſo thy chooſing time,
Whil'ſt thou therefore doſt flouriſh in thy prime,
Place thou thy heart upon the Lord above,
And with Chriſt Jeſus alſo fall in Love.
Did not *Jehovah* give to thee thy Breath,
And alſo place thee here upon the Earth;
And many precious Bleſſings give to thee,
That thou to him alone ſhould'ſt ſubject be?
God out of Bowels ſent his precious Son,
Thy Soul from evil ways with ſpeed to turn:

Who

Who for thy ſake was nailed to the Tree,
To free thy Soul from Hell and Miſery.
And whil'ſt in ſin (vile wretch) thou doſt remain,
Thou doſt as 'twere him Crucifie again:
Thy ſins alſo (O Young-Man) God doth hate,
His Soul doth loath, and them abominate;
Nought is more odious in his bleſſed ſight,
Than thoſe baſe Luſts in which thou tak'ſt delight.
And wilt thou not, O Young-Man! be deter'd
From thy vain ways, what, is thy heart ſo hard?
Shall nothing move thy Soul for to Repent,
Nor work Convictions in thee to Relent?
Give ear to *Truth*, *Truth* never ſpoke a Lye,
And fly from ſin and youthful vanity;
Thoſe that do ſeek Gods Kingdom firſt of all,
And do obey Gods ſweet and gracious call,
They ſhall find Chriſt, and lye too in his Breaſt,
And reap the comfort of Eternal reſt:
But if thou ſhould'ſt this golden time neglect,
And all good motions utterly reject;
And ſlight the day of this thy Viſitation,
That will to God be ſuch a Provocation,
That he'll not wait upon thee any more,
Nor never knock hereafter at thy door.
While terms of Peace, God doth therefore afford,
Subject to him, leſt he doth draw his Sword.
If once to anger him you do provoke,
He'll break your Bones, and wound you with his ſtroke.
Who can before his Indignation ſtand,
Or bear the weight of his revengeful hand?

How

How dareſt thou a War with him maintain,
And ſay o're thee Chriſt Jeſus ſhall not Reign?
Wilt thou combine with his vile Enemy,
And yet preſume on his ſweet clemency?
Wilt thou, vile Traytor-like, contrive the Death
Of that great *King*, from whom thou haſt thy breath?
Wilt thou caſt dirt upon the Holy One,
And keep Chriſt Jeſus from his rightly Throne?
Is't not his right thy *Conſcience* for to ſway?
Ought he not there to Reign, and thou Obey?
Dar'ſt thou reſiſt his dread and Soveraign power?
Yea, or hold parley with him for an hour,
To gratifie the Devil, who thereby
Renews his ſtrength, yea, and doth fortifie
Himſelf in thee, and makes his Kingdom ſtrong,
By tempting thee to ſin, whil'ſt thou art young?
The Black-a-moor as ſoon may change his skin,
As thou may'ſt leave, and turn away from ſin;
When once a habit and cuſtom's taken,
Then ſinful ways are hard to be forſaken.
Dar'ſt thou, vile wretch, *Chriſts* Government oppoſe
And with the Devil and corruption cloſe?
Had'ſt rather that the Devil reign o're thee,
Than unto God Almighty ſubject be?
Which will be beſt, doſt think, for thee i'th' end,
The Lord to pleaſe, or Satan to offend?
Or Satan for to pleaſe, and ſo thereby,
Declare thy ſelf *Jehovah*'s Enemy?
For thoſe who live in ſin, 'tis very clear,
They Enemies to God and Jeſus are.

And

And wilt thou yield unto the Devil ſtill,
And greedily alſo his will fulfil?
Do'ſt think, vain *Youth*, he'll prove to thee a friend,
That thou do'ſt ſo his curſed way commend?
Has Sin (which is his odious Excrement)
So ſweet a ſmell, yea, and a fragrant ſcent?
Shall that which is the ſuperfluity
Of naughtineſs, be precious in thy Eye?
And do'ſt thou value Chriſt and all he hath,
Not worth vain pleaſures here upon the Earth?
Shall He eſteemed be by thee (vile Duſt)
Not worth the pleaſures of a curſed Luſt?
Is there more good in ſinful Vanity,
Than is in all the glorious Trinity?
That which men think is beſt, that they will chuſe,
Things of ſmall value 'tis they refuſe:
What thoughts haſt thou of Chriſt then, ſinful Soul,
That thou his Meſſengers do'ſt thus controul,
And do'ſt to him ſo turn a deaf Ear,
His Knocks, his Calls, and Woings wilt not hear,
Nor him regard, though he ſtands at the door,
With *Myrrhe* and *Frankincenſe*, yea, and all ſtore
Of rare Fruit, and chief Spice; as, *Cinnamon*,
Alloes, *Spikenard*, *Camphire*, and *Saffron*,
All precious things, poor Soul! of Heaven above,
He has with him, yet nothing will thee move
To open the door: for all His calls and knocks,
Thou let'ſt him ſtand, until his precious Locks
Are wet with Dew, and drops of the long Night,
Thus thou do'ſt him deſpiſe, reject, and ſlight.

And rather keep'ſt thy Luſt and Pleaſure ſtill,
Than that Chriſt ſhould thy Soul with Heaven fill,
Though he Ten Thouſand Worlds doth yet excel,
And makes that heart, where he in truth doth dwell,
To be a Heaven here upon the Earth,
Filling the Soul with precious joy and mirth,
Which makes gray-headed Winter like a Spring,
And Youths like to Cœleſtial Angels ſing;
The Soul He doth ſo greatly elevate,
That it diſdains and doth abominate
All ſenſual Pleaſures in compariſon
Of Jeſus Chriſt, his dear and only one.
Let me perſwade thee for to taſte and try
How good Chriſt is, for then aſſuredly
Thou wilt admire him, yea, and praiſe the Lord,
That ever he did to thy Soul afford
Such a dear Saviour, and ſuch good advice,
To lead thy Soul into ſweet Paradice.
For none do know the nature of that Peace,
That inward joy, the which ſhall never ceaſe,
But he himſelf who doth the ſame poſſeſs:
Oh! taſte and ſee, for then you will confeſs,
No Pen can it expreſs, no Tongue declare,
Its Nature's ſuch (O Young-Man) 'tis ſo rare,
Chriſt is the *Summum bonum*, it is He,
In whom alone is true felicity;
Such is the Nature of Man's panting Breaſt,
There's nought on Earth can give him perfect reſt.
'Tis not in Honour, that is Vanity,
For ſuch like Beaſts and other Mortals dye.

King-

Kingdoms and Crowns they tottering do ſtand,
The Servant may the Maſter ſoon command.
Belſhazzer who upon the Throne did ſit,
His Knees againſt each other ſoon did hit.
How was he ſcar'd when the Hand-writing came,
And wrote upon the Wall, even the ſame
That afterwards befel, his End being come?
Great Men oft-times are filled with great fear;
Being perplext, they know not how to ſtear.
Tall Cædars fall, when little ſhrubs abide,
Though Winds do blow and ſtrangly turn the Tide.
For Man in Honour lives but a ſhort ſpace,
He dies like to the Beaſts, ſo ends his Race:
Where's *Nimrod* now, that mighty Man of old?
And where's the Glory of the Head of Gold?
Great Monarchs now are moulder'd quite away,
Who did on Earth the Golden Scepter ſway,
In higheſt place of Human Government,
None ever found therein ſolid content.
Of *Alexander* 'tis declar'd by ſome,
How he ſate down when he had overcome
The *Eaſtern* World, and did weep very ſore
Becauſe there was one World, and was no more
For him to Conquer. Thus alſo 'tis ſtill,
This World's not big enough Man's Soul to fill.
Riches and Wealth alſo can't ſatisfie,
That precious Soul which in thy breaſt doth lye.
If ſtore of Gold and Silver thou ſhould'ſt gain,
'Twould but increaſe thy ſorrow, grief, and pain.

Riches

Riches, O Young-Man, they are empty things,
And fly most swift away with Eagles wings:
When riches thou dost heap, thou heap'st up sorrow
They're thine to day, alas! but gone to Morrow.
Fires may come, and thy Treasures burn;
Or Thieves steal it, as they have often done.
He that hath Thousands by the Year this Night,
May be as poor as *Job* before 'tis Light.
And as for Pleasure, which thy Age doth prize,
Why should that seem so lovely in thy Eyes?
'Tis but a moment they with thee will last,
And sadness comes also when they are past.
The Brute his Pleasures hath as well as thee,
Man's chiefest good therefore, can't Pleasure be.
And whil'st thou strivest thy evil Lust to please,
Thy raging *Conscience* (*Youth*) who shall appease?
With this sweet Meat I tell thee also Friend,
Thou shalt have soure Sauce be sure i'th' end.
And as for Beauty, that also is vain,
Unless thou can'st the inward Beauty gain.
What's outward Beauty save an evil snare,
By which vain ones oft-times deceived are?
And on a sudden drawn into Temptation,
For to commit most vile abomination.
That Beauty which Mans carnal heart doth prize,
Renders not lovely in *Jehovah*'s Eyes.
Though deck'd with Jewels, Rings, and brave attire,
The glorious King their Beauty don't desire;
His heart's not taken with't, but contrariwise,
The Beauty of vain ones he doth despise.

Though

Though very fair, yet if defil'd with Sin,
They like unto Sepulchers are within.
Loathsome and vile i'th' sight of God are they,
And soon their seeming Beauty will decay:
It fades and withers, and away doth pass,
Just like unto the flower of the Grass.
The curled Locks, yea, and the spotted Face,
God e're a while will bring into disgrace.
Those Ladies which excel all others do,
Must feed the Worms within a day or two.
Death and the Grave will spoil their Beauty quite,
And none in them shall never more delight.
As for thy Age, in Youthful days we see,
Youth minds nought else save cursed Vanity.
Soon may thy Spring also meet with a blast,
And all thy Glory not an hour last.
The Flower in the Spring, which is so gay,
Soon does it fade, and wither quite away.
Nothing on Earth canst thou find out or spy,
That will content thee long, or satisfie
That Soul of thine, if still you search about,
Till you do find the rarest Science out.
For if on Learning once you place your mind,
Much vanity in that also you'll find.
For Humane Knowledge and Philosophy,
Can't bring thy Soul into sweet Unity
With God above, and Jesus Christ his Son,
In whom, poor *Youth*, is Happiness alone.
Dote not on Honour then, nor yet on Treasure,
Nor Beauty, Learning, Youth, nor Pleasure;

All

All is but Vanity that's here below,
Truth and Experience both the same do show:
Come, look to Heaven, seek thou for higher joys,
Let Swine take husks, and Fools these empty toys.
Come taste of Christ, poor Soul, and then you will
Of joys Cœlestial receive your fill.
If thou dost drink but of the Chrystal Springs,
These outward joys thou'lt see are trifling things.
If Heavens sweetness once thou hadst but caught,
Thou wouldst account earths best *enjoyments* naught.
Honour and Riches too, Christ has great store,
And at's *Right Hand Pleasures for evermore.*
Do'st think that he who makes Mans life so sweet,
Whil'st he with grievous troubles here doth meet,
And in believing hath such sweetness placed,
Though his own Image greatly is defaced,
Can't give to him much greater Consolation;
When all the sow'rs vanquisht of Temptation?
If with the bitter, Saints such sweetness gain,
What shall they have when they in Glory reign?

Youth.

Be silent *Truth*, leave off, for I can't bear
Your whining strains, nor will I longer hear
Such melancholly whimsies, they're such stuff,
Which suits not with my Age; I have enough
Of it already, and also of you,
Since you my Int'rest strive to overthrow.
When I appeal'd to you, I was perplext,
And with sad Melancholly sorely vext:

But since I do perceive the Storm is o're,
You I don't think to trouble any more.
Long-winded *Sermons*, *Sir*, I do not love,
Nor of your Doctrine in the least approve:
No liberty to me I see you'll give,
In sweet delights and pleasures for to live,
I don't intend Fanatick yet to turn,
Nor after such distracted People run;
An easier way to Heaven I do know,
And therefore, *Sir*, Farewel to you.
My Bride, my Sports, and my old Company,
I will enjoy, and all my Bravery
I will hold fast, yea, won't only fulfil
My fleshly mind, say Preachers what they will.

Conscience.

Ah *Youth*, ah *Youth*, is't so in very deed?
Wilt thou no more unto *God*'s truth give heed?
'Twas but my mouth to stop, I now do find,
That unto *Truth* you seemingly inclin'd.
But this, O *Soul*, I must assure to thee,
What thou hast heard has much enlightened me,
And my Commission too it doth renew,
As will appear by what doth next ensue.
Have you from *God* been called thus upon,
And shall your Heart be hardened like a stone?
You can't plead Ignorance, O *Youth*, 'tis so,
You plainly now have heard what you should do.
Your sin will be with grievous aggravation,
If quickly you don't make a Recantation.

Your Sin will now be of a Scarlet dye,
And many ſtripes prepared, I eſpy,
With which you muſt be beat; becauſe that you,
Your Maſters Will ſo perfectly do know,
But for to do the ſame you ſtill refuſe,
And you poor *Conſcience* wickedly abuſe:
You'll ſhew your ſelf a curſed Rebel now,
If unto *Chriſt* with ſpeed you do not bow.
Wilt thou thy ſins retain, when thou doſt hear
How much againſt the Living *God* they are?
Wilt thou caſt dirt into his bleſſed Face?
Oh! tremble Soul, and dread thy preſent caſe.

Youth.

Now my good days, I ſee they will be gone,
My inward thoughts will ne're let me alone;
Ah that I could but Sin without controul,
And *Conſcience* would no more diſturb my Soul:
His bitter gripes much longer I can't bear,
He's grown ſo ſtrong, that little hopes is there,
But he'll prevail, ſuch Conflicts do I feel,
My Courage now and Reſolutions reel;
But yet I am reſolv'd once more to try,
And ſtruggle will to get the Maſtery.
I cowardly will not acquit the Field,
Nor at the ſecond Summons will I yield.
I'll make once more another ſtout eſſay,
E're unto *Conſcience* I will yield the day.
Ah! how can I my ſweet delights forſake,
Without reſiſtance to the laſt I make?

Conſcience,

Conſcience, although I ſinful am, I ſee,
There's many thouſand Sinners worſe than me:
There's none can live, and from all Sin be clear,
That I from *Truth* did very lately hear.
My heart is good, though it is true, that I
Am overcome through humane frailty.

Conſcience.

O curſed wretch! dar'ſt thou thy heart commend?
Come tremble Soul, and it to pieces rend;
Don't I moſt clearly in thy heart behold
Moſt horrid Luſt, 'twould ſhame thee were it told:
All rottenneſs and filthineſs do I eſpy,
In that baſe Heart of thine to lurk and lye:
There Vipers breed, and many a Cockatrice,
The Spawn of every Sin and evil Vice;
Like a Sepulchre, Soul, thou art within,
Nought's there but ſtink and putrifying Sin,
Out from thy heart all evil doth aſcend,
And yet wilt thou thy filty heart commend:
And doſt thou think thy ſtate good for to be,
'Cauſe thou doſt find many as bad as thee?
You are ſo nought, if you from ſin don't turn,
You muſt for ſin in Hell for ever burn.
Except you do Repent, *Truth* tells you plain,
You periſh muſt in everlaſting pain.

Youth.

Well, ſay no more, if this be ſo, I muſt
Go unto *Truth* again, or I ſhall burſt;

My heart will break I clearly do diſcern,
I therefore now muſt yield, and alſo learn
What's my Eſtate, my Nature, Oh! that I'd know.
Come *Truth*, I pray, will you this favour ſhow,
As to explain this thing to me more clear,
For *Conſcience* doth my Soul with horror ſcare.
Is he i'th' right, Oh *Truth!* or is he wrong?
I find Convictions in me very ſtrong.
What is my State? declare it unto me,
And ſet my troubled Soul at liberty.

Truth.

What *Conſcience* ſpeaks, O young man, is moſt right,
And vain it is with him longer to Fight:
Conſcience againſt thee doth witneſs bear,
And dreadful danger alſo doth declare,
Thoſe he condemns by light receiv'd from me,
Th' Eternal *God* condemns aſſuredly.
And *God* is greater than thy Heart, O Soul;
Who can enough thy grievous ſtate condole?
If *Conſcience* doth his Teſtimony give,
That you in ſin and curſed ways do live,
And that thou art an unconverted wretch:
If 'tis from hence, between you there's a breach,
And this be ſo, as it you can't deny,
What would you do if you this Night ſhould dye?
If in this ſtate this life you do depart,
Undone for evermore, Young-Man, thou art,
As ſure as is the mighty *God* in Heaven,
Againſt thy Soul the Sentence will be given.

Conſcience his power did from *God* receive,
And if you don't obey, and him believe,
But do reject his motions, 'tis all one
As if *Chriſt Jeſus* you did tread upon:
Whil'ſt he doth Rule by Laws that are Divine,
'Tis Treaſon him to ſtop or undermine.
And once again to ſhew thee thy *Eſtate*,
Thou being, *Young-Man*, not regenerate,
No *God* nor *Chriſt* have you; 'tis even ſo,
And this indeed's the Sum of all your woe.
In *God* no Intereſt (*Youth*) haſt thou at all,
He's quite departed ever ſince the Fall,
And is become thy dreadful Enemy,
His angry Face is ſet moſt vehemently
Againſt thy Soul, and that's a fearful thing,
Enough thy Pride with Vengeance down to bring.
Each attribute againſt thy Soul is ſet,
And all of them alſo together met,
To make thee every way moſt miſerable,
Which wrath for to withſtand, what Man is able?
He'll ſuddenly thy Soul to pieces tear,
And his Eternal Vengeance make thee bear:
His Wrath it will upon thy Soul remain,
Till you by Faith are truly Born again.

Youth.

This Doctrine which to me you do declare,
It is enough to drive one to deſpair:
If it be ſo, I grant I am undone,
But *God* is gracious, and has ſent his Son.

He's full of Bowels, therefore hope do I,
He'll not on me his Juſtice magnifie.

Truth.

'Tis true, God's gracious, yet he will not clear
Thoſe guilty Souls who don't his Juſtice fear.
He's very gracious, yet he's full of Ire,
And is to ſuch like a conſuming Fire.
He ſent his Son, 'tis true, for Souls to dye,
But many miſs, and falſely do apply
His precious Blood; therefore my Counſel take,
Don't you too ſoon an Application make,
Of *God*'s ſweet *Grace*, nor yet of *Chriſt*'s dear *Blood*,
Until by you the Goſpel's underſtood.
Thoſe who are whole, need no Phyſician have,
The Sick and Wounded Soul *Chriſt* came to ſave.
What doſt thou judge thy preſent ſtate to be?
How does it ſtand, and is it now with thee?

Youth.

I am a Sinner, and my heart doth bleed,
My ſin-ſick Soul doth a ſweet Saviour need;
My Conſcience tells me that I am moſt vile,
And grievouſly for ſin doth me turmoil.

Truth.

No Saviour you can have, unleſs you do
Reſolve to leave your Sins and let them go:
Nor for your Wounds is there a help be ſure,
Till Cauſes be remov'd which do procure,

And

And bring on you that pain and bitter ſmart,
Which you cry out of in your inward part.

Youth.

My trembling Soul's amaz'd, and fill'd with fear,
Another way, Oh *Truth!* thy courſe I'll ſteer;
I muſt forſake all evil ways, for I
Do ſee the danger and the miſery
Which doth attend the way that I am in,
Whil'ſt I do keep and hug my curſed ſin.
There's ſcarce a Night which paſſeth o're my head,
But dread I do the making of my Bed,
(E're Morning comes) in the ſad depths of Hell.
My *Conſcience* therefore now does me compel,
To bid adieu to all ſweet joy and pleaſure,
To Lyes and Fraud, and all unlawful Treaſure.
In Sports and Games I'll take no more delight,
But contrariwiſe, I'll Pray both day and night.
Conſcience has overcome me with his gripes,
Truth follows him ſo with his threatned ſtripes.
The wall's broke down, the Old-man runs away,
And *Conſcience* follows cloſe to cut and ſlay,
And threatens too no Quarter he will give,
And ſeems before him every thing to drive.
Luſt forced is in corners now to fly,
Where it doth hide it ſelf moſt ſecretly;
And watcheth alſo, thinking for to get
An opportunity once more to ſet,
And fall on *Conſcience*, which it doth diſdain,
'Cauſe *Conſcience* ſays corruption muſt be ſlain.

I ſide with him, becauſe I would have peace,
But 'tis doubtful when theſe Wars will ceaſe.

Devil.

What pity is't thy Sun ſhould ſet ſo ſoon,
Or ſhould be clouded thus before 'tis Noon?
No ſooner riſen in thy Horizon,
And ſweetly ſhines, but preſently is gon?
Shall Winter come before the Spring is paſt,
And all it's fruit be ſpoil'd with one ſad blaſt?
Shall that brave flower, which doth ſeem ſo gay,
So quickly fade, and wither quite away?
What pity 'tis that one ſo young as thee,
Should thus be brought into Captivity.
Heark not to *Conſcience*, for I dare maintain,
'Tis better for to hug thy ſins again.
Thy *Conſcience*, *Youth*, thou haſt too lately found,
Doth but amaze, and give thy Soul a wound.
Conſider well, adviſe, and thou ſhalt ſee,
My ways are beſt, come hearken unto me,
I'll give thee honour, pleaſure, wealth, and things
Which prized are by Noble Men and Kings:
Let not this make hate, with one angry frown,
Throw all thy Glory and thy Pleaſures down:
Let not ſtrange thoughts diſtreſs thy troubled mind,
What ſatisfaction can'ſt thou have or find,
But that which floweth from this World alone?
'Tis I muſt raiſe thee to the ſublime Throne.
The Hell thou feareſt, may be but a Story,
And Heaven alſo but a feigned Glory.

If

If this don't ſtartle thee, then ſpeedily
I will ſtir up ſome other Enemy.
Old Man rouze up, I charge you to awake,
And ſwiftly too, your Life lyes at the ſtake.
And Miſtreſs Heart, ſtir up your wilful Will.
Is this a ſeaſon, for him to ſit ſtill?
If unto *Truth* and *Conſcience* he gives place,
Our Intereſt will, you'll ſee, go down apace:
Judgment is gone already, and doth yield,
And Courage too, I fear, will quit the Field.
Some ſins are ſlain, and in their blood do lye,
And others into holes are forc'd to flye.
As for affection he doth hold his own,
Though *Conſcience* doth upon him ſadly frown.
Remembrance will unto him trait'rous prove,
If I his thoughts from Sermons can remove,
I'll make his mind run after things below,
And raiſe up trouble which he did not know:
And he'll forget what he did lately hear,
And ceaſe will then his former thoughts and fear.
If I can pleaſe his ſenſual Appetite,
There is no fear of any ſudden flight,
His breaſt is tender, apt to entertain
The ſparks of Luſt, which long he can't reſtrain.
I'll blow them up, and kindle them anew,
And to Convictions ſoon he'll bid adieu.
New objects I'll preſent unto his ſight,
In which, I'm ſure, he can't but take delight,
I have ſuch hold of him, there is no doubt,
But I once more ſhall turn him quite about.

His

His old *Companions* also I'll provoke,
At's door again to give another knock;
Their strong enticements hardly he'll withstand,
They can (you see) his Spirit soon command.

Youths old Companions.

How do you, *Sirs?* what is the cause that we
Can't (here of late) enjoy your company?
It seems to us, as if you were grown strange,
As if in Youth there were some sudden change.

Youth.

I have not had the opportunity,
Besides on me there does some burden lye,
Which doth press down my spirits very sore,
And makes me seldom to go forth o'th' door.

Companions.

I warrant you, *Sirs*, 'tis sin afflicts his Soul,
And he's just going now for to turn Fool.
Come, come away, to Age such grief belongs,
To *Youth*, brave mirth, and sweet melodious songs.
Come, drive these thoughts away with *Pipe* and *Pot*,
Sing and Carouse till they are quite forgot:
The lovely strains of a well tuned Lute,
Where Plays they act, do with our Nature suite.
Come, go with us upon a brave design,
The which will cheer that drooping heart of thine.
Come generous Soul, let thy ambitious Eye,
Such foolish fancies and vain dreams defie.

Shall

Shall thy Heroick Spirit thus give place
To silly dotage, to thy great disgrace?

Vicinus.

The Young-man yields, being possess'd with fears,
They would reproach him else with scoffs and jears;
But afterward his head begins to ake,
And *Conscience* then afresh begins to wake,
And stings him after such a bitter sort,
It puts a period to his jovial Sport.
The thoughts of death, which sickness doth presage,
Doth trouble him, he cannot bear the rage
And inward gripes of his enlighten'd breast,
And therefore now again he thinks 'tis best
To heark to *Conscience*, whom he did refuse,
And grievously did many times abuse.

Conscience.

Go mourn, thou wretch, for sad is thy condition,
Pour forth amain the Water of contrition,
Wilt thou appear to Men Godly to be,
When all is nothing but Hypocrisie?
Wilt thou to *Truth* so often lend an Ear,
And yet to *Satan* also thus adhere?
You were as good have kept your former Station,
As thus to yield afresh unto Temptation;
Go unto *Truth*, if *God* give space and room,
Before I do pronounce your final doom.

Truth.

Come, come, *Young-man*, don't thy convictions loſe,
But cheriſh them, and timely alſo chooſe
The one thing needful, which alone is good,
That *God* may waſh thy Soul in *Chriſt* his Blood.
Thy Soul is precious, 'tis of greater worth
Than all the things that are upon the Earth,
For if that the whole World you now could gain,
And the pleaſures of it could obtain,
And in exchange your Soul ſhould loſe thereby,
What would your profit be, when you muſt dye?
When once thy Soul is loſt, thou loſeſt all:
Oh! that will be a very diſmal fall!
Do'ſt thou not know what I of Hell declare,
Of th' hideous howling of the Damned there?
How can'ſt thou with devouring fire dwell?
Or lye with Devils in the loweſt Hell?
Thoſe who do in their natural ſtate remain,
Muſt Live for ever in that reſtleſs pain.
All Fornicators, Drunkards, and the Lyar,
Muſt have their Portion in that Lake of Fire:
With Thieves, Revilers, and Extortioners,
And ſuch who are moſt vile Idolaters:
The Proud, the Swearer, and the Covetous,
God doth pronounce on them the ſelf ſame Curſe;
And thoſe who live in vile Hypocriſie,
Or do back-ſlide into *Apoſtaſie*;
Let ſuch unto my preſent words give heed,
Their pain and torment ſhall all Mens exceed.

What

What wilt thou do? or whither wilt thou fly?
Where can'ſt thou hide from the great Majeſty?
Who tries the Reins, and ſearches every heart,
Conſcience declares, that thou moſt guilty art.
Condemned Soul! thou know'ſt that this is ſo,
And this moreover which I plainly ſhow,
Will come to paſs, as ſure as *God*'s above,
If from all ſin, with ſpeed, you don't remove;
As ſure as you do live, where e're you dye,
To Hell you go to all Eternity:
Except Repentance in your Soul be wrought,
With Vengeance thither you'll at laſt be brought.
You are the Man for whom *God* did prepare
That dreadful Tophet where the Damned are,
The which is made exceeding large and deep,
The Damned in that doleful place to keep,
Oh! call to mind what *Conſcience* doth this day
Charge you withal, before you're ſwept away,
Left you from him do hear no more at all,
Till you into thoſe ſcorching flames do fall;
What Mercy is't that *Conſcience* ſtrives ſo long?
And his Convictions ſtill in you are ſtrong!
Oh! fear leaſt ſin do ſear your *Conſcience* white,
And *God* alſo put out your Candle light!
And give you up unto a heart of ſtone,
As he in Wrath has ſerved many one;
Then to repent, it will be much too late,
Such is the danger of a lapſed ſtate.
Young-men, take heed you don't this work delay,
And put it off unto another day.

Your

Your own Experience may discover this,
Man's Life a bubble and a vapour is.
Alas! thy days on Earth will be but few,
They fly away like to the Morning dew,
Like as the Cloud and Shaddow swiftly flies,
Or Dew doth pass, as soon as Sun doth rise,
So fly the days, thy golden Months and Years,
Much like the blossom that most gay appears;
And on a sudden fades and does decay,
So Youth oft-times doth wither quite away.
Thy Age thou do'st unto the Spring compare,
And to the Flowers which appear so rare.
From hence, O young-man, learn Instructions now,
Don't thy Experience daily teach thee how,
The Flower withers, and hangs down its head,
Which curiously of late so flourished:
The Meadow's clad in glorious array,
But's soon cut down, and turned all to Hay.
Like *Jonah*'s Gourd which sprang up in the Night,
And perished as soon as it was Light.
Or like a Post which passeth by,
Or Weaver's Shuttle, which he maketh fly:
Or as a Ship, when she is under Sail,
Doth run most swift, when she hath a full Gale.
So are thy days, they in like manner fly,
How many little Graves may'st thou espy?
Come measure now thy days, and see their length,
Number them not by years, by health or strength.
All these uncertain Rules you must refuse,
Though that's the way which most of Men do use.

They

They think to live till they old-aged are,
'Cauſe their Progenitors long-lived were.
That Rule from *Truth* you ſee doth greatly vary,
And which Experience ſhews is contrary.
You hear the things which you ſhould reckon by,
Things ſwift in motion, gone moſt ſpeedily.
Thy Life's uncertain, Youth, 'tis but a blaſt,
Thy Sand is little, long it will not laſt.
Thy Houſe, though new, yet it is very old,
Gone to decay, and turning to the Mould.
You're born to dye, and dead alſo you were,
Before you liv'd or breathed in the Air.
And dye you muſt, before that live you do,
Except you dye to live, as I do ſhew.
Thy dreadful ruine, Soul, is very nigh,
Unleſs thy Tears prevent it ſpeedily.
What is thy purpoſe now? what's in thy mind?
Which way do'ſt think to take? how art inclin'd?

Youth.

Thy ways, O *Truth*, I am reſolv'd to run,
And never more will I to folly turn.
I tremble at the thoughts of Death and Hell,
My Soul is wounded, and my Wounds do ſwell;
My pains increaſe, therefore my purpoſe now
Is far more ſtrict to be, and for to bow.
Unto Chriſt Jeſus, that I may obtain
Some healing Med'cine to remove my pain.
No reſt can I, ſave in my Duty, find;
I unto Prayer am very much inclin'd.

God

God will, I hope, theſe latter ſins forgive,
Since I more Godly do intend to live:
And ſo reſolve to watch, and take ſuch care,
That *Satan* ſhall no more my Soul inſnare.

Vicinus.

He from this day becomes a great Profeſſor,
Though far from being yet a true Poſſeſſor.
Chriſt he has got into his Mouth and Head,
And not Internally rais'd from the dead,
But in Old *Adam* ſtill does he remain,
Not knowing what 'tis to be Born again.
When *Satan* ſees it is in vain to ſtrive,
The Soul into its former ſtate to drive;
But that it will forſake groſs wickedneſs,
And will alſo the Truths of *Chriſt* profeſs.
He yields thereto, reſolving ſecretly,
To blind its Eyes in cloſe Hypocriſie,
And ſo appears under a new diſguiſe,
Moſt ſubtilly thy Soul for to ſurprize;
Perſwading him the War which he doth find
Daily to be within his troubled Mind,
Is ſaving Grace, againſt Iniquity,
Which has prevail'd and got the Victory;
When it is common Grace (we do ſo call)
And not the Grace that's ſupernatural.
He takes the work of Legal Reformation,
For the only work of true Regeneration.
Here he doth reſt, and ſeem to be at eaſe,
When all is done, his Conſcience to appeaſe.

But I'll give place to this Religious Youth,
To hear diſcourſe between him and the *Truth*.

Youth.

O! happy I, and bleſſed be the day,
That unto *Truth* and *Conſcience* I gave way.
I would not be in my old ſtate again,
If I thereby ſome Thouſands might obtain.
From Wrath and Hell, my Soul is now ſet free;
For I don't doubt but I Converted be.
The Word with power ſo to me was brought,
A glorious change within my Soul is wrought.

Truth.

Young-man take heed, leſt you miſtaken are,
Converſion's hard, it is a work ſo rare,
That very few that narrow paſſage enter,
Though far that way there's Thouſands do adventure,
Yet miſs the mark; for all their inward ſtrife,
They fall far ſhort of the new Creature-Life:
Come, let me hear your grounds of evidence,
For I don't like your ſeeming Confidence.
I doubt I ſhall find you under *God*'s Curſe,
And ſtill your Caſe as bad, if not much worſe,
Then 'twas when you did no Profeſſion make,
But did your ſwing in all Prophaneneſs take.
The *Phariſee* was a Religious Man,
Yet nearer Heaven was the *Publican*.
If ſhort of *Chriſt* you fix or faſten do,
'Twill be your ruine and your overthrow.

Youth.

What do you mean? this Doctrin's too severe,
For all might see that I Converted were.
But if my Grounds you are resolv'd to weigh,
You shall forthwith hear what I have to say;
And the first Ground which I resolve to bring
For to evince, to clear and prove the thing,
Is from Convictions which I have of Sin,
Which once I hugged and delighted in.

Truth.

Alas poor Soul! this Reason soon will fly,
For most do see their vile Iniquity.
They are convinced by their inward light,
That Sin is odious in *Jehovah*'s sight.
But yet vile sinners are nevertheless,
And don't one dram of saving Grace possess.
King *Pharaoh*, *Esau*, yea, and *Judas* too,
They were convinced of their sins (you know:)
That they were Saints, there's no Man doth believe,
For all those three the Devil did deceive.
As he beguiled them, he may likewise
With cunning Stratagems your Soul surprise.
Nay, and he has, so far as I can judge,
Unless you do some better Reason urge,
To prove Conversion in your Soul is wrought;
I do declare your state is very naught.
How many Men under Convictions lye,
Yet never Born again until they die?

What

What haſt thou elſe to ſay, and to produce,
Such ſlight Convictions are of little uſe?

Youth.

I do not only ſee my ſin, but I
Do mourn and grieve for ſin continually.
And thoſe which ſo do mourn, they bleſſed are,
Don't you alſo the ſelf ſame thing declare?

Truth.

Nay, hold a little, thou may'ſt weep amain,
And yet in thee may many evils reign.
And thou may'ſt mourn for ſin, as many do,
Becauſe of ſhame, of bitter pain and woe,
Which now it brings, and leads unto i'th' end,
And not becauſe thereby you do offend
The living *God*, and wound your Saviour, who
Did for your ſake, ſuch Torment undergo.
Mourn more for th' evil which doth come thereby,
Than for the evil which in it doth lye.
This ground is weak, for *Eſau*, it appears,
Did mourn and weep, and let fall bitter Tears:
And yet you know that *Eſau* was prophane,
And far was he from being born again.

Youth.

But I go further yet, I do confeſs
My horrid evils, and my guiltineſs;
If I confeſs my ſins, as I have done,
God he is juſt, and is the Faithful one;

Who will my ſins forgive and pardon quite,
And blot them out of his own precious ſight.
This being ſo, what cauſe then can you ſee,
But that I am turn'd from my Iniquity?

Truth.

This will not do, 'tis not a certain ground;
Some do confeſs their ſins whoſe heart's unſound.
When *Pharaoh* ſaw the judgment of Hail,
His heart began then greatly for to fail;
I've ſinn'd this time, the Lord is juſt, ſaid he,
I and my People (alſo) wicked be.
Though *Pharaoh*, *Saul*, and *Judas*, each of them,
God did reject, and utterly condemn;
Yet theſe, when under Wrath, are forc'd to cry,
Lord we have ſinned; their Conſcience ſo did fly
Into their Faces, that it made them quake,
And unto *God* Confeſſion ſtrait to make.
Confeſſion may be made alſo in part,
And not of ev'ry ſin that's in the heart.
Men may confeſs their ſin, and their great guilt,
Who the dire nature of it never felt:
Confeſs their ſins in their extremity,
When Conſcience pinches them moſt bitterly:
Confeſs their ſins which they committed have,
Yet don't intend thoſe curſed ſins to leave.

Youth.

But I confeſs, and alſo do forſake
My ſtate, therefore 'tis clear you do miſtake.

Thoſe

Thoſe who confeſs, and do their ſins forego,
God will to them his precious Mercy ſhow:
Therefore don't trouble me, 'tis very plain,
I for my part am truly Born again.

Truth.

In this alſo you may deceived be,
Men may forſake all groſs Iniquity,
Yet in their Souls may ſome ſweet morſel lye,
Which they may hug and keep cloſe ſecretly.
They may ſin leave, but not as it is ſin,
Which has too often manifeſted bin.
If the leaſt ſin thou did'ſt forſake aright,
All ſin would then be odious in thy ſight.
Judgment and Reaſon may your ſins oppoſe,
And utterly refuſe with them to cloſe;
Yet may thy will and thy affections joyn,
To favour ſtill and love thoſe ſins of thine.
If ſin's not out of thy affection caſt,
Thou wilt appear an Hypocrite at laſt.
If ſin's i'th' Will and in the Affections found,
'Tis a true ſign thy heart is quite unſound.
Like to the Sea-man, ſome Profeſſors do,
Who over-board ſome Goods are forc'd to throw,
When they do meet with Storms and bad Weather,
Leſt all their Goods and Ship do ſink together.
When in the Soul great Storms and Tempeſt riſe,
The Devil then may ſubtilly adviſe
The Soul, to throw ſome of its ſins away,
To make a Calm, that ſo thereby he may

Perſwade the Soul the danger is quite gone,
And that the work in him is fully done.
'Tis not enough therefore ſome ſins to leave,
But every ſin you muſt reſolve to heave
And caſt o're-board, yea, and that willingly,
Or elſe you ſink to all Eternity.
Not by conſtraint, as *Conſcience* doth compel,
As ſome are forc'd to be, who like it well;
Who leave the Act, but love to it retain;
Such leave their ſins, and yet their ſins remain.

Youth.

Theſe are hard ſayings which you do relate,
And I indeed ſhould queſtion my eſtate,
Were't not for other grounds and reaſons clear,
By which I know that I Converted were.
Sir! there's in me a very glorious change,
Moſt Men admire it, and do think it ſtrange,
That one who lately did both ſcoff and jear
Thoſe Men and People which I now do hear,
And followed Vice, and ev'ry Vanity,
Should on a ſudden thus reformed be,
And utterly my ſelf alſo deny
Of my ſweet joys, and former Company.

Truth.

From outward filthineſs a Man may turn,
And not be chang'd in heart when he has done;
A legal change I grant he may be under,
Yet may not Soul and Self be cut aſunder.

An

An outward change in Men there may be wrought,
And yet there Hearts within be very naught.
The Swine that Wallows in the Mire now,
May Waſhed be, but ſtill remain a Sow.
Perſons may cleanſe the out-ſide of the Cup,
And Dogs may Spew their Naſty Vomit up;
But yet do keep their Beaſtly Nature ſtill,
And e're a while they manifeſt it will.
Many Profeſſors fall away and Die,
For want of being Changed thorowly.
The *Phariſee* was Chang'd, he did appear
As if indeed a precious Saint he were,
And differ'd quite from the poor *Publican*,
And thought himſelf a far more happy Man;
But all this was in ſhew, and not in Heart,
And therefore had in Chriſt no ſhare nor part.
Except your Righteouſneſs doth his Excel,
You in no wiſe ſhall in God's Kingdom dwell.
'Tis a falſe Change, and cannot be a true,
Unleſs in you all things are wholly new.
Old *Herod* will reform in many things,
When once he finds his Conſcience Bites and Stings.
To hear *John Baptiſt*, alſo was he led,
Yet afterward depriv'd him of his Head.
So far this ſeeming Saint was turn'd aſide,
That he alſo your Saviour did deride,
And with his Men of War ſet him at nought,
Whilſt Accuſations they againſt him ſought;
Simon the Sorcerer alſo you read,
Was Changed ſo, he gave great care and heed,

To *Philip*'s Preachings; yea, and ſuddenly
He leaves his Witchcrafts and his Sorcery;
And yet a curſed Caitiff all the while,
Like a Sepulchre painted, inward Vile.
Another Man in ſhew 'tis like thou art,
Yet not made new, and changed in thy heart:
Men in thy Life may no great blemiſh ſpy,
Yet in thy breaſt much rottenneſs may lye:
Toward all Men thy Conſcience may be clear,
Conſcience ſo far may for thee witneſs bear,
That you in Morals it do not offend,
Yet unto *God* it may not you commend;
But contrar'wiſe, it in your face may fly,
And you condemn for ſin continually;
For ſecret Evils, which it's privy to,
Which none knows of, ſave only *God* and you.
Therefore, Oh! Young-man, if you look about,
Of your Converſion you have cauſe to doubt;
Satan ſo greatly may your heart deceive,
That not one dram of Grace your Soul may have
Which ſaving is, and of the pureſt kind,
For that, alas! there's very few do find.

Youth.

But I am call'd of *God*, and do obey
The Voice of *Truth* and *Conſcience* every day.
God's called ones, I'm ſure you can't deny,
But they are ſuch whom he doth juſtifie:
Therefore, 'tis clear and very evident,
That Grace alone hath made me penitent:

My

My heart is ſound, my Graces true alſo,
My Confidence there's none ſhall overthrow.

Truth.

Thou ſeem'ſt too confident, 'tis a bad ſign;
For fears attend where ſaving Grace doth ſhine.
I tell thee, Youth, that many called be,
But few are choſen from Eternity.
Judas was call'd, and did obey in part,
And yet he was a Devil in his Heart.
There is an outward and an inward call,
The latter only is effectual;
Therefore you muſt produce ſome better ground,
For this don't prove that your Converſion's ſound;
But that thou may'ſt ſtick faſt ſtill in the Birth,
Or prove Abortive when thou art brought forth.
'Tis rare, O Youth, for to be born a new,
And hard to find out when the work is true.

Youth.

Though it be ſo, what cauſe have I to fear
When that my Evidences are ſo clear?
I do believe, and truſt in *God* through Faith,
And he which ſo doth do, the witneſs hath
Within himſelf, and ſhall aſſuredly
Be ſaved alſo when he comes to dye.

Truth.

Thou may'ſt believe as moſt of People do,
And yet to Hell at laſt thy Soul may go.

The Faith of Credence it is like you have,
Which cannot quicken, Purifie or Save.
Some *Jews* believ'd in Chriſt you alſo find,
Yet to their Luſts their Hearts were then inclin'd,
And out of Satans Kingdom were not freed,
Nor made Diſciples of the Lord indeed:
Simon the Sorcerer he did believe,
Yet did his Soul no ſaving Grace receive;
But was a Child of Satan ne're the leſs,
And ſtill was in the Gall of bitterneſs.
The Stony Ground with joy receiv'd the Seed,
And for a time brought forth, as you may read,
And yet there hearts, they were but hearts of Stone,
Their Faith 'twas temporary, ſoon 'twas gone;
The *Devils do believe* as well as you,
Yea, and confeſs that Jeſus they do know;
They tremble alſo, which ſome Men can't ſay
They ever did unto this preſent day.
Such Faith as Devils have, moſt Men obtain,
Which ſerves for nought, ſave to augment their pain;
If on a Death-Bed *Conſcience* do awake,
'Twill cauſe them then to tremble and to quake,
And Roar like Devils, when they do eſpy
The dreadful Wrath of that great Majeſty
Whom they offended, and againſt their Light
And knowledge too, moſt wickedly did fight.
This Faith will ſerve their Grief to aggravate,
But not to help them out of that eſtate;
'Tis eaſie to believe that Chriſt did Die,
But hard his Blood in Truths for to apply.

Men

Men may raiſe up the Dead to Life again,
As eaſie as true ſaving Faith obtain
By their own power and inherent skill,
Naught doth oppoſe it more than Mans own will;
Until Almighty Power makes it bend,
'Twill not to Grace nor Jeſus condeſcend.
That Power which rais'd up Jeſus from the Dead,
Works Faith in Saints, whereby they'r quickened:
The Faith of Credence, and Hiſtorical,
Is eaſie had, I ne're deny it ſhall;
But precious Faith, the Faith of God's Elect,
As 'tis a Grace, and Glorioufly bedeckt
With other Graces, ſo 'twill never grow,
But in the Honeſt Heart where God doth Sow
The Bleſſed Seed, which like a Garden pure,
Doth yield its Fruits to th' laſt, you may be ſure.
And when this Faith is wrought in any Soul,
It throws down ſelf, and wholly then doth Rowl
On Jeſus Chriſt, as its Beloved one,
On whom it Reſts, and doth depend alone.
If God hath wrought this precious Grace in thee,
Sin thou doſt hate, yea, all Iniquity.
And Luſt doth not predominate and Reign,
If thou by Faith art truly Born again.
Chriſt thou extol'ſt as he is Prieſt and King,
And as thy Prophet too in every thing:
He does in thee wholly the Scepter ſway,
And thou art Govern'd by him every day.
Sin can't prevail; ſuch is thy Happy caſe,
If thou haſt got this Rare Victorious Grace:

It purges and doth purifie the Heart,
Wholly renewing thee in every part.
Men by its fruits true Faith do come to know,
And by their works the ſame do alſo ſhow;
What Faith is thine? What think'ſt thou now of it?
I greatly fear 'twill prove a Counterfeit.
Examine thy eſtate, and take good heed
To cloſe with *Jeſus Chriſt*, and that with ſpeed.
For as th'Body without the Spirit's dead;
The ſame of Faith you know is alſo ſaid.
Without Obedience doth thy Faith attend,
Yet for all this, you'll periſh in the end.

Youth.

I am obedient, and am free to join
In fellowſhip with Saints, ſuch is mine:
I willing am to do, as to believe;
The Devil can't therefore my Soul deceive.
For I have clos'd with *Chriſt* already ſo,
That none my faith ſhall ever overthrow:
The many Prayers I make both day and night,
Do doubtleſs prove that my Converſion's right.

Truth.

I tell thee, Soul, Men may do more than this,
And yet they may of true Converſion miſs.
God's Ordinance many do obey,
And Members of *God*'s Holy Church are they,
And of its priviledges ſeem to ſhare,
As if that they truly Converted were:

They

They may Diſcourſe, and ſeem to be Devout,
And may not be diſcerned, nor found out.
They with the flock may walk, lie down and feed,
And ſo remain till many years ſucceed:
Nay, not diſcovered be until they ſtand
Amongſt the Goats, at *Jeſus Chriſt*'s left-hand.
The fooliſh Virgins join'd themſelves with wiſe,
And for to meet the Bridegroom did ariſe:
But e're the Bridegroom came, their caſe was ſad,
For they nought elſe ſave empty Veſſels had,
A bare profeſſion, and a meer out-ſide;
Many great Preachers and Diſputers too
Chriſt will not own, nor any favour ſhew,
Though in his Name they mighty works have done,
He'll ſay to them, *Ye wicked ones, be gone,*
I know you not; Therefore be gone from me,
All you vile workers of Iniquity.
You ſay oft-times, you ſeek the Lord in Prayer;
That you may do, and let fall many a Tear,
And yet not be in a Converted ſtate;
For many ſeek with Tears, when 'tis too late.
Others like Sea-men in a Storm, do cry,
When *Conſcience* doth rebuke them bitterly.
And ſome under affliction cry and howl,
And grievouſly their ſtate do then condole;
Then Promiſes and Reſolutions make,
That they ſuch Courſes will no longer take:
But when the ſtorm, and the affliction's o're,
They are as bad, nay worſer than before.

Some

Some Pray in Form, and others Pray by Art,
And ſome to mend the badneſs of their Heart;
Their Hearts are wounded, and then ſpeedily,
Their Prayers to heal it, they do ſtrait apply:
They Sin i'th' Day, and Pray when it is Night,
They Sin again, but Pray'r doth heal it quite.
They think 'tis well, if Tears they can let fall,
Their Prayers and Tears they think will Cure all,
And ſo that way poor *Conſcience* they beguile,
They ſilence him, yet Sinners all the while.
Their Pray'rs alaſs! can't waſh their filth away,
Tho they do nothing elſe both Night and Day.
'Tis on their Pray'rs they reſt, and do depend,
Which like a broken Staff will fail i'th' end.
A Saint in Prayer, no reſt nor eaſe can gain,
Unleſs Chriſt's Blood thereby he doth obtain;
And Grace alſo, his Sins to Mortify,
For Chriſt, as well as Pardon, he doth cry.
But contrariwiſe it is with moſt of Men,
They cry for Pardon, but do alſo then
In their vile hearts regard Iniquity;
And for this Cauſe, God doth their Suit deny.
Their Prayers are to God abomination,
Whilſt they do hide and cover their Tranſgreſſion.
Some out of Cuſtom do perform their Prayer,
Not out of Conſcience, or from Godly care;
And others alſo, for vain-glory ſake,
Like *Phariſees*, they many Prayers do make
In ſight of Men, in publick ſuch will Pray,
But in the Cloſet little have to ſay.

And

And ſome to God alſo ſeem to draw near,
Yet not in Love, nor out of Filial fear, (ſhow,
They with Mouths and Tongues much kindneſs
When as their Hearts are fixt on things below.
'Tis for the heart which Chriſt doth chiefly call,
And reaſon 'tis that he ſhould have it all.
For he the ſame did Buy and Purchaſe dear,
Yet Satan has the chief Poſſeſſion there.
God at the Door, and in the Porch doth ſtand,
While Satan may the braveſt Room command.
They'l ope to him, and keep *Jehovah* out,
And yet in Pray'r they ſeem to be Devout.
There's ſome will Pray, and up this Duty keep,
When th'Soul is quite, and th'Body near a Sleep.
Whoever Prays, and Prays not fervently,
In Faith, in Truth, and in Sincerity,
Their Prayers are Sin, and them God will not hear,
Nor mind their Cry, when they to him draw near.
'Tis not enough, a Duty for to know,
But how alſo each Duty you ſhall do.
For Men may Pray, Read, Hear, and Meditate,
And yet be in an Unconverted State.
They outwardly may many Truths profeſs,
But not in Heart the Power of them poſſeſs.
The Law i'th'Letter keep, yea, have the Shell,
Yet feed on Husks, and want the true Kernel.
The Young-man which to Jeſus Chriſt did run,
He many things as well as you have done.
And yet fell ſhort, as you may plainly ſee,
Of the chief part of true Chriſtianitie.

What

What ſay you now, O *Youth*, do you not fear,
That you by Satan much deceived are?
Have you no *Dalilah*, which ſecretly
Doth in your Heart, or in your Boſom lye?
Don't you to ſin ſome ſecret love retain?
If it be ſo, you are not born again.
Conſcience I fear, and *God*'s reſtraining Grace,
Has only ſtopt you in your former Race.
Like to a Dog that's kept up by a Chain,
So *Conſcience* does from ſin oft-times reſtrain.
But if the Chain ſhould ſlip, then looſe he goes,
And preſently his churliſh nature ſhows.
To your own Righteouſneſs, do you not truſt?
I fear you do, come ſpeak, or Conſcience muſt.
Don't you conclude *God* is oblig'd to you,
Since you have let ſo many Evils go,
And are ſo Holy here of late become?
Are not your duties ſet up in the room
And place of Chriſt? Oh! ſee you do not make
A Saviour of your own (for Jeſus ſake;)
Did ever Sin ſinful to you appear,
And as 'tis Sin, to it great hatred bear?
Would you not Sin, were there no Hell of pain,
Becauſe you know the Lord doth it diſdain?
Rather is't not for fear of Puniſhment,
That you of late ſeem thus for to relent?
Or doth there not ſome carnal baſe deſign
Move thee ſo far unto *God*'s Truth to joyn?
Is not thy end to get a name thereby,
Or only done, *Conſcience* to ſatisfie?

Or done to free thee from reproach and ſhame;
Which Sin doth bring upon a Perſons Name:
Haſt not it done, and wiſely caſt about
This way, for to prevent a Banker out?
Or done for to augment thy outward ſtore,
To ſave thy Stock, and add unto it more?
For Riotous Living, which attends thy Age,
Conſumes apace, and want it doth preſage.
Come ſpeak, O Youth, and be thou not unfree,
To let me underſtand how 'tis with thee.
Come, call to mind what thou haſt heard of late,
And thereby judge of this thy preſent ſtate.

Youth.

I do not ſee but my condition's good,
I have ſuch Hopes and Faith in *Chriſt*'s dear blood:
Though many Imperfections I do ſee,
Yet *God* is gracious, and will pardon me;
For many failings there are in the beſt,
What is amiſs, I'll mend, and ſo do reſt.

Truth.

Thy hope will fail, like to the Spiders Webb,
Thy flood of Confidence will have its Ebb,
If thou prove guilty of thoſe things which I
Did unto thee ſo lately ſignifie.
Thy ſpots will not be like the ſpots of thoſe
Which *God* for Children to himſelf hath choſe:
And once you are ſo loth for to be try'd,
And leſt you ſhould alſo ſome Evils hide;

To *Conſcience* I'll appeal, you have done wrong,
To ſtop his Mouth and hinder him ſo long:
He's ſo enlightned now, he can declare
As much as we at preſent need to hear.
He'll ſpeak the Truth, and his opinion ſhow,
And nothing will he hide which he doth know.
If unto him you will attend with care,
Of other Witneſſes no need is there.
If he, O Young-Man, be but on your ſide,
And is your Friend, you need none elſe provide?
But if againſt you, and do prove your Foe,
With vengeance then be ſure down you will go:
But if you will not hear what he ſhall ſay,
He'll make you tremble in the Judgment day.

Conſcience, I do i'th' Name of the great King,
Require you forth your evidence to bring
Againſt this Man, accuſe, or ſet him free,
According as you find his ſtate to be:
Stand up for *Chriſt*, your dread and Soveraign Lord,
And judge for him as he doth light afford.
Be not deceiv'd by Luſt, a Bribe to take,
But judge by Law; *Chriſt*'s honour lies at ſtake.
For to ſpeak home and loud, have you forgot?
Is he Converted now, or is he not?
What do you ſay? your Teſtimony give:
Is all Sin dead, or doth there any live?
Is he new Born, and chang'd in every part?
Or is't in ſhew only, and not in heart?

Conscience.

Sir, Say no more, I am at your Command,
And you shall hear how things at present stand.
He hath, O *Truth!* almost deceived me
By's late pretences unto Sanctity:
But having now a-fresh receiv'd more light,
I must declare he is an Hypocrite;
He's not renew'd, or truly Born again,
Which I to you shall clearly now explain.
For, first of all, his Faculty, call'd Will,
That is perverse and very wicked still;
Though I stir up to good every hour,
Will doth oppose it with his greatest pow'r.
He'll never Pray in private day nor night,
But I must force him to't with all my might:
The Old Man is not Slain I do espy,
But has much favour shown him secretly.
Though I do force him into holes to run,
Yet he doth nourish him when all is done.
His love and his affections are for Sin,
And so, in truth, they ever yet have been.
He's troubled more at Sin, because of Guilt,
Than at the *Odium* of it's cursed filth.
When he's abroad amongst Religious Men,
Precise and Zealous he is always then;
But when amongst such who ungodly be,
He suits himself to their vile Company.
Some Sins are left, which Men condemn as gross,
Yet one he keeps, and hugs it very close:

Luſt doth bear Rule and much predominate,
And he on it doth love to ruminate.
'Tis ſhame and outward fear doth him reſtrain,
Or elſe the act he would commit again.
If he from outward blots can keep his Name,
That Saints can't him accuſe nor juſtly blame,
He's ſatisfied, and very well content,
Though to his Peace I never gave conſent.
Peace he oft-times doth ſpeak unto his Soul,
And ſcarce will ſuffer me him to controul.
When I ſometimes do catch him in a Lye,
And do reprove him for Hypocriſie,
To ſtop my Mouth, he vows he will with ſpeed,
Amend what is amiſs, and take more heed.
And more than this of him I could relate,
And ſhew how you have hit his preſent ſtate,
But that he will not ſuffer me to ſpeak,
He blinds my Eyes, that ſo I might not take
Into his Heart and Life, leſt he thereby
Meet with great ſhame for his Iniquity.

Truth.

Conſcience forbear, you need not to inlarge,
If you do lay theſe things unto his charge,
He is undone, alas! his precious Soul
Is under Wrath: who can enough condole
His ſad eſtate! the Goſpel he'll profeſs,
But ſtill remains i'th' gall of Bitterneſs.
Is this the Saint that ſeemed ſo preciſe,
And did appear *God*'s Statutes much to prize?

A Saint in shew, a Devil in his Heart,
And must with Devils also have his part.
The day is coming, and is very near,
When Hypocrites shall be surpriz'd with fear;
The everlasting burning fiery Lake,
Is made more hot on purpose for their sake:
But since you are not scar'd, nor I yet gone,
Before you leave him quite, do you go on:
Let us pursue him still, for who doth know
What *God* may yet upon his Spirit do?
If *God* grant him one dram of saving Grace,
That will yet do; though 'tis a doubtful case,
Whether or no, *God* will his Grace afford
To such as he, who thus offends the Lord.
For such whom *Satan* doth this way deceive,
'Tis hard to bring them truly to believe.
He never was convinced thorowly
Of Sin, and of his natural Misery.
His lost estate he truly never saw,
Nor what it is for to transgress *God*'s Law.
How he's undone thereby he never knew,
Nor what for Sin original is due.
And as he did for Sin ne'er kindly bleed,
So of a *Christ* he never saw the need.
Th' absolute want, and great necessity
Of *Jesus Christ*, he never did espy;
But on false bottoms he has built 'tis clear;
I do conjure you therefore to declare
Him utterly unclean from Top to Toe,
And let him understand you are his Foe.

The Plague is in his Head, and no place free,
But in his Heart it rages vehemently.
Lance him unto the quick, and make him feel,
Lay on ſuch blows as may cauſe him to reel.

Conſcience.

Come, come, O Young-Man, liſten unto me,
I will no longer thus deceived be.
I from *God*'s Word Commiſſion have anew,
To tell thee what is like for to enſue;
For all thy hopes and ſeeming goodly ſhow;
Thou art a wretched Sinner thou doſt know.
Think'ſt thou on *Conſcience* to commit a Rape,
And yet *God*'s dreadful Vengeance to eſcape?
Dar'ſt thou again, under a new diſguiſe,
Encounter with thy former Enemies?
You are the ſame, I'm ſure, although you have
Changed your Coat, poor Mortals to deceive.
Ungodly wretch! doſt thou not dread my Name,
Who'm come once more againſt thee to proclaim
A ſecond War, and to declare alſo,
God's ſtill thy Enemy and bitter Foe?
His Sword is whet, his Bow he'll alſo bend,
To cut down thoſe that do like thee offend.
Naught he hates more than vile Hypocriſie,
And from his preſence, Youth, thou cannot fly.

Youth.

Conſcience be ſtill, though I a ſinner be,
There's none doth know it now, ſave only thee.

Conſcience.

Deceived Soul! doth none know it but I?
Where's the great *God*, is he alſo nigh?
Do'ſt think, vain Youth, the interpoſing Cloud,
From *God*'s All-ſearching Eye can be a ſhroud?
Or do'ſt thou think *God*'s Seat is ſo on high,
That he cannot thy inward thoughts eſpy?
None know't but me! know'ſt thou not who I am?
Have I not pow'r for to Accuſe and Damn?
Should I be ſtill, it would be a ſad day,
Unleſs thy ſins were purged clean away.
And whil'ſt I ſpeak, and thou ſtop thine Ear,
Nothing but War and Tumults thou wilt hear.
I'll never ſide with thee, nor take thy part,
Whil'ſt horrid guilt remains in thy baſe heart.
Nor would I mind thy flattery or frown,
Wert thou the higheſt Prince of great'ſt Renown,
That ever did on Earth a Scepter ſway,
Before thy face I would thy Evils lay.
At th' ſmalleſt ſin beſure I can't connive,
And therefore with me 'tis in vain to ſtrive;
For where I am an Enemy indeed,
I'll plague that heart until I make it bleed.
A cloſe and ſecret Foe, Young-Man, am I,
Who am alſo with thee continually,
What e're you think or ſpeak, yea, act or do,
Of it (poor Soul) I very well do know:
Thy ſecret Luſt, and what is done i'th' night,
Which thou aſhamed art ſhould come to light.

I then am nigh, and know it very well,
And more than this I am reſolv'd to tell;
I unto thee ſhall prove an Enemy,
When thou art brought into Adverſity;
When Death and Sickneſs come, then thou ſhalt ſee
How thou with Horror ſhalt amazed be.
Than my black Bill againſt thee will be large,
For then againſt thee I will bring a charge,
Which will make thy ſad Face like Aſhes look,
And wound thy Soul as if a Knife had ſtruck
Into thy very Heart, and made thee mourn,
And curſe the day that ever thou waſt Born.
I'll make thee underſtand (clearly) i'th' end,
What 'tis (vile wretch) poor *Conſcience* to offend.
Hark once again, for I have more to ſay;
When this life's ended, there's another day.
Look now about thee, *Youth*, for there's to come,
The black, the dark, and dreadful day of Doom.
When thou doſt dye, I'll bite and ſting thy Soul,
Whil'ſt that in Flames doth burn, and doth condole
Its damned ſtate, for yielding unto Sin,
Which has alone the ruine of it bin.
And alſo when i'th' Judgment day you ſtand
Among'ſt the Goats at *Jeſus Chriſt*'s left hand,
Thy dreadful ſtate and tryal for to hear,
Then I againſt thee ſtraight-way muſt appear;
Yea, and ſhall ſpeak more plainly than now I can,
Becauſe I'm clouded by the fall of Man;
And am by reaſon oftentimes miſled,
And utterly unable rendered.

A true and right deciſion for to make,
He ſo beguiles me that I do miſtake,
And a wrong Judgment utterly retain,
Till *Truth* ſets me into the right again.
But *Satan* then ſhall no more Power have,
The Heart of any Man for to deceive.
I in the day ſhall you provoke and urge,
For to confeſs with ſhame before the Judge,
Thy evil Luſt and cloſe Hypocriſie,
Unto thy own Eternal Miſery.
I ſhall accuſe thee ſo in that great Day,
Thou ſhalt not have one word (young-man) to ſay,
Thy inward parts ſo open'd then ſhall be,
That nothing ſhall be hid i'th' leaſt from me;
And I before the Judge ſhall ſhow,
All ſecret things that ever you did do;
And in your Face ſo fiercely alſo fly,
That you with horror ſhall be forc'd to cry,
Guilty, guilty, O Lord! then thou muſt hear
The dreadful Sentence, which no one can bear;
Go, go, ye Curſed! that's a word of Ire,
And you muſt down into Eternal Fire,
Where Hypocrites and Unbelievers lye,
Broyling in pain to all Eternity.
And as the Fire evermore will burn,
And thou from thence ſhalt never more return,
So alſo I ſhall then afflict thy Soul,
Whil'ſt thou in ſcalding Sulphur Flames doſt roul.
I like a Worm or Serpent then will bite,
And gnaw thy Soul, thou curſed Hypocrite.

Thoſe

Thoſe inward ſtings which always thou wilt find,
Or cruel gnawing in your tortur'd mind,
Will then increaſe and aggravate thy woe,
In ſuch a ſort there is no Tongue can ſhow.
You then will think how you did me abuſe,
And my good Counſel utterly refuſe.
And how you labour'd to put out my light,
Who in *God*'s paths would lead your feet aright,
Your baſe delays and put-offs you'll repent,
And that your time ſo fooliſhly was ſpent:
That you for Love, which unto Luſt you bore,
Should loſe your Soul, and that for evermore.
To think how near you were unto Salvation,
Will prove another grievous aggravation:
To bid ſo fair for Heaven, yet to miſs,
What greater trouble can there be than this?
To ſee the Ship i'th' mouth o'th' Haven loſt,
That doth, ye know, perplex the Merchant moſt.
I'll tell you alſo how you wilfully
Brought on your ſelf that dreadful miſery:
And how I did oft-times to you declare
The bitter torments which you then muſt bear:
And what your Pride and Luſt would bring you to,
If you did not reſolve to let them go.
Ah! thou wilt ſee how thou art quite undone,
And how all hopes for evermore are gone.
Thoughts of thoſe golden Seaſons once you had,
And vainly loſt, will then be very ſad. (Grace,
Thou might'ſt, had'ſt thou improv'd the means of
Beheld with Saints, *God*'s reconciled face,

And

And enter'd Paradiſe, where Angels ſing
Anthems of Joy to the Eternal King.
Thou might'ſt have Sung to him melodious Pſalms,
With thoſe whoſe hands ſhall bear triumphant Palms.
Who with eternal Love ſhall raviſh'd be,
Reigning with *Chriſt* to all Eternity.
Heaven is a place whoſe Glory doth excel,
The thouſandth part of it no Man can tell.
Mans heart (*Truth* ſays) cannot i'th' leaſt conceive
What thoſe ſhall have who truly do believe.
Who would loſe *Chriſt*, and his immortal treaſure,
For one baſe Luſt and moments time of pleaſure?
But if what's ſaid of Heaven will not invite thee,
Then let Hell torments with black vengeance fright
And make thee yield to *truth* without delays (thee,
Before *God* puts a period to thy days.
As Eye can neither ſee, nor Tongue expreſs
The glory which *God*'s Saints in Heaven poſſeſs:
So there's no Man which can conceive the woe
That Souls ſhut up in Hell do undergo
If Men could number all the Stars of Heaven,
Or count the duſt which with the Wind is driven;
Or tell the drops of Waters in the Seas,
Or count the Sands, then might a Man with eaſe
Declare the nature of that dreadful pain,
Which damned Souls for ever muſt ſuſtain.
But Stars, nor Duſt, nor Drops, nor Sands can be
Number'd by any Man, neither can he
Expreſs the nature of *God*'s dreadful Ire,
Which Souls lye under in eternal Fire.

In Hell all's darkness, not one beam of Light;
What's greater Sorrow than Eternal Night?
In Hell all's Death, and yet there is no dying,
Naught there is heard but a most hideous crying,
Their pains end not, from it there's no exemption,
Their cries admit no help, there's no redemption,
Nor none to pity them, nor hear their groans,
Whil'st they do make their lamentable moans.
The Lord who dy'd, will then rejoyce to see,
Vengeance pour'd forth upon those Souls that be
Vessels of Wrath, who for rejecting Grace,
Must have their portion in that doleful place.
No earthly Pain or Torment can declare,
The woful anguish which the damned bear:
For if those Plagues could be defin'd to Men,
Infinite punishment 'twould not be then.
Infinite Wrath it is to satisfie;
And *God* be sure will Justice magnifie.
Did'st thou but hear the groans and hideous cry
Of Souls condemned to Eternity,
How would it scare, and cause thy Heart to ake,
And every Limb of thee tremble and quake!
Think, think on this, before the time doth come
That *God* doth pass on thee thy final doom.

Truth.

What say'st thou now? how canst thou sleep in peace
Until these inward gripes of *Conscience* cease?
How can'st think i'th' least thy state is good,
When *Conscience* swells and makes so great a flood?

Or

Or raiſes Storms and Tempeſts in thy breaſt?
Becauſe of Sin he will not let thee reſt.
Come, make a ſearch, *Conſcience* is not miſled,
The very Truth before you he has ſpread:
What will you do at Death and Judgment-day,
If *Conſcience* thus you ſlight and diſobey?
Make peace with *God*, for worſer are his cries,
Than if Ten-thouſand witneſſes ſhould riſe
Againſt thy Soul, 'twill be a dreadful thing
To have thy *Conſcience* then to bite and ſting.

Youth.

Some comfort, *Truth*, alas my Soul doth melt,
Such gripes as theſe, what Man has ever felt?
I have ſome doubt, my ſtate is very nought,
And that Converſion is not truly wrought.
My Heart condemns me, and doth me reprove;
'Tis thou alone which can'ſt my Grief remove.

Truth.

Before you have a Plaſter for your Sore,
Your Wound muſt be ſearch'd a little more:
If ſlightly heal'd, only for preſent eaſe,
The Remedy's as bad as the Diſeaſe.
Do'ſt know what time thou didſt this wound receive?
'Tis worſer far, I fear, than you believe:
'Tis deep, it ſtinks, yea, and 'tis Venemous,
And doth expoſe thee to *God*'s dreadful curſe.
The ſting or dart ſticks faſt into thy Liver,
Which doth thy ſmart and bitter pains procure.

Thy

Thy ſtate is bad, thou haſt thy mortal wound,
No Limb, or any part of thee is ſound.
If thou could'ſt live, and never more offend,
Yet by the Law thy Soul is quite condemn'd.
If from all actual Sin you ſhould be clear,
Yet by the Law you ſtill moſt guilty are
Of former Crimes, Treaſon and Felony,
And Juſtice doth aloud for Vengeance cry;
Nor will ſhe Pardon nor Reprieve give forth
To any Sinner living on the Earth:
Againſt thee too the Sentence is forth gone,
And th' day of Execution doth draw on:
Naught is between thee and Eternal Death,
But ſome ſhort hours of uncertain Breath.
Sin is ſo vile, and Juſtice ſo ſevere,
That in the leaſt 'twould not *Chriſt Jeſus* ſpare;
But Juſtice he muſt fully ſatisfie,
Who came to be Man's bleſt ſecurity.
And ſince in *Chriſt* thou haſt no ſhare nor part,
See what a ſelf-condemned Soul thou art.

Youth.

O curſed Sin! is this my ſad condition,
Truth I believe hath made a right deciſion.
I have my Soul deceived all along,
Though in my heart Convictions oft were ſtrong.
Oh! horrid Luſt, and baſe deceitful Devil,
Is this the fruit of your ſweet pleaſing Evil?
And thou falſe World, what art thou now to me?
For I alas! am ruined by thee,

O!

O! whither shall I fly? what path untrod
For to escape th' incensed Wrath of *God?*
Will none for me some secret place provide,
Where I from flaming Vengeance close may hide?

Truth.

Vain is all this, for none can find a place
To hide from *God* (such is thy bitter case;)
If to the ends of all the Earth you fly,
Vengeance will you pursue with *Hue* and *Cry*:
If you should take a suddain hasty flight,
To seek some shelter in the shades of Night;
'Twould also fail thee, though it should be done:
For unto *God*, Darkness and Light is one.
Or if thou could'st some solid Rock espy,
To hide thee from *God*'s dreadful Majesty.
Can Rocks, do'st think, prevent, yea, or restrain
The stroke of Justice, and not fly in twain?
There is no Sea, nor Shade, nor Rock, nor Cave,
Which can from Vengeance shelter thee or save;
The Sea would part, the hardest Rock would split:
Where Justice aims, her fiery darts must hit.
Can'st thou escape? alas! what place is there
To hide from him who's present ev'ry where?

Youth.

Oh *Truth*! what shall I do, how can I stand,
Or bear these tortures of *God*'s heavy hand?
My Spirit many Infirmities sustain,
But who can bear this inward cutting pain?

Is there no help, no Salve to heal my Wound?
What, no Physician for me to be found?
Will Tears nor Prayers no help at all afford,
Watchings, Fastings, nor hearing of the Word?
Or if that I could live and sin no more,
O what is Sin, and what's my Gangrene Sore?
O what's the nature of Iniquity,
If naught my Soul can cleanse or purifie?
Rivers of Oyl, much Gold, or Earthly Wealth,
Will not redeem my Soul, nor purchase Health.
Ah! I am lost! the cause is truly so,
I am undone, and know not what to do!
Have you no word of comfort now for me?
Oh! must I dye in this extremity?

Truth.

Do'st find thy self Sick at the very Heart?
And doth my searchings make thy wounds to smart?
Doth Sin, as Sin, upon thy Spirit lye?
And doth its weight and burden make thee cry?
Do'st know thy wound is Epidemical?
And that for thee there is no help at all
By Law nor Levite: do'st thou see thy loss,
And thy own Righteousness to be but dross?

Youth.

I know not what to say, I am in doubt
Some Sin is hid, which yet I can't find out.
My Heart is deep and very Traiterous,
Every day I find it worse and worse.

I grieve for Sin, and yet I am in dread
That I in Sin am greatly hardened. /
Yet this, O *Truth*, I hope is wrought in me,
Sin I do hate, as 'tis Iniquity.
I would not *Christ* offend, nor give again,
Were there no Hell, or place of future pain:
O that e're I againſt the Lord ſhould ſin,
Who has to me ſo good and gracious bin!
Againſt the Lord, againſt the Lord alone,
Have I this horrid evil often done.
Oh! I do ſee that I in ſin am dead,
And my Iniquity's gone o're my Head
As a great burthen, which I cannot bear.
Oh! that I might but of a Saviour hear,
All my own Righteouſneſs I prize no more
Than ſtinking refuſe of a Common ſhore.

Truth.

Come *Youth*, chear up, if this be ſo indeed,
I tell thee then *Chriſt* for thy Soul did bleed:
Glad tydings now I unto thee do bring,
There's Mercy for thee in the Heavenly King.
Chriſt to appeaſe *God*'s Wrath did hither come,
And I am ſent by him to call thee home.
Riſe up, riſe up, his Blood for to apply,
And thou ſhalt ſoon be healed perfectly.

Youth.

Ah! could I but believe what thou doſt ſay
Unto my Soul, 'twould be a joyful day.

Alas! on me a mighty burden lies,
I cannot ſtir, nor power have to riſe.
Can *Lazarus*, who in the Grave doth lye,
Deaths cruel Fetters and ſtrong Bands untie?
Can he awake? what power has he to ſtrive,
When dead, and ſtinks? alas! he can't revive,
Although dead but Four days: then how ſhall I,
Who have lay'n dead in my Iniquity
Ever ſince *Adam* (as it plain appears,)
Which is indeed above Six Thouſand Years?
Jehovah which at firſt my Heart did make,
Muſt by his Pow'r it into pieces take,
That ſo he may create my Heart a-new,
E're good from *Chriſt* doth to my Soul accrue;
'Tis he muſt give me power to will and do,
And raiſe me up, e're I can creep or go.

Truth.

Though that be true, yet hearken unto me,
And take the Counſel which I'll give to thee;
And thou ſhalt find as ſure as *God*'s above,
He will thy Fears and all thy Doubts remove,
And raiſe thee up out of the empty Pit,
And on a Rock alſo ſtill ſet thy Feet.
Firſt thing of all which to you I commend,
Be ſure you don't your *Conſcience* more offend,
Do not grieve that, but always take great care
In every thing to prove your ſelf ſincere.
He that in Morals walks not faithfully,
No marvel 'tis if *Chriſt* do paſs him by.

In

In ev'ry Nation thoſe accepted are,
Who walk uprightly, and the Lord do fear!
Thoſe who do follow on to know the Lord,
He will to them his ſaving help afford.
I do exhort you in the ſecond place,
For to attend upon all means of Grace.
Do not neglect to hear *God*'s bleſſed Word,
But prize each ſeaſon, which the precious Lord
Is pleas'd in Mercy on you to beſtow,
For unto you thereby much good will flow.
My third Advice make uſe of ſpeedily,
Lift up your Voice unto the Lord on high!
Pour forth your Soul to him both night and day,
And you'll prevail, though he at firſt ſay nay.
Though you at firſt may with repulſes meet,
Your Soul yet proſtrate at *Jehovah*'s feet.
He's full of Bowels, long he can't refrain,
E're he comes forth to eaſe you of your pain.
Thy Prayers and Tears, and Spiritual Contrition,
Will move his Heart to ſend thee a Phyſician,
Who will apply a Plaſter to thy Wound,
Which will hereafter ever make thee ſound.
Chriſt's Blood will heal, 'twill cleanſe and purifie,
If now the ſame by Faith you do apply.
Such Grief is thine, no Medicine will do good,
Nor heal thy Soul, but thy dear Saviour's Blood.
The good *Samaritan* will caſt a look,
Though thou of Prieſt and Levite art forſook?
Into thy Wounds he'll pour in Oyl and Wine,
The which will heal that bleeding Soul of thine.

O! cry to *God*, my Siſter *Grace* to ſend,
'Tis ſhe at laſt will prove thy ſpecial Friend.
If *God* is pleaſed but to ſend her down,
Thy Head with Glory ſhe will ſtraitway Crown.
But here I'll advertiſe thee firſt of all,
Be ſure you do for the right Siſter call:
For there are Two, and both of one Sir-name;
The one is lovely Fair, the other Lame:
The one is Common, th'other Chaſt and Pure,
And will be true to thee thou may'ſt be ſure.
The one will dwell where Sin predominates,
The other loaths, and bitterly it hates,
And makes a thorow-change where ſhe doth dwell,
And will all filth out of that Heart expel,
Where ſhe doth take up her ſure reſting place;
Rare is the nature of true ſaving Grace,
Thy ſtubborn Will ſhe'll make for to ſubmit,
And thy Affections change as ſhe thinks fit.
Thy Heart ſhe can new mould, and make it ſoft,
And will bring down each high and ſinful thought.
The Old man ſhe will into pieces tear,
She'll cut and kill, and nothing will ſhe ſpare
That's oppoſite unto the Prince of Light,
She'll put the Devil unto a ſpeedy flight;
She'll make him leave his ſtrongeſt hold and run,
And quite forſake his former Garriſon.
She'll take no pity on the Old man's Age,
She'll pay him off for all his Wrath and Rage,
And curſed Malice, Pride, and every Sin,
Which of long time he has the Author bin.

'Tis

'Tis she can work upon the Covetous,
And change his Heart to keep an open House,
To give and to distribute of his Store,
To th' cloathing and refreshing of the Poor.
'Tis she brings down the proud and lofty mind,
Which nat'rally was to that Vice inclin'd.
'Tis she can tame the wild strong-headed Youth,
And make the Lyar always tell the Truth:
'Tis she which makes the Froward very Meek,
And the Revengeful not Revenge to seek
'Tis she which quenches Young mens lustful fire,
And makes them to disdain that base desire.
'Tis she will make my Soul for to defie
Each *Dalilah*, and all Hypocrisie.
She's like to Oyl and Wine, and will give peace
And inward joy, which never more shall cease.
'Tis she must put *Christ*'s blessed Robes on thee,
And bring thy Soul out of Captivity.
'Tis she must thee adorn and beautifie,
And make thee lovely in *Christ Jesus* Eye.
Oh! she'll inflame thy Soul with precious love
To *Christ* alone, which none shall e're remove.
'Tis she which tyes that conjugal blest knot,
Which can't be broke, nor ever could be forgot.
'Tis she that makes *Christ* and the Saints but one,
And makes them of his very Flesh and Bone.
'Tis she will help thee in this time of need,
Yea, a Disciple will make thee indeed.
And this to thee also I must declare,
Thou of this *Grace* shalt have a part and share.

Since 'twas for thee thy precious Lord did dye,
He can't thy Soul of saving Grace deny;
Give him no rest, till more he doth give forth,
For to compleat in thee the second Birth.
Be earnest with him, strive to hold him fast,
And thou, like *Jacob*, wilt prevail at last.
Though he at first may seem to stop his Ear,
Yet importunity will make him hear.
Thy time I'm sure it is the time of Love,
And thy deep wounds will make him from above
To pity thee, and for to cast an Eye,
As thou polluted in thy Blood doth lye;
What e're is needful to thee, he will give,
And raise thee up to Life, and make thee live:
Yea, manifest to thee such consolation,
As for to cloath thee with his own Salvation.
Come, make a tryal, and do not despair,
Look up to Heaven, Soul, thy help is there.

Youth.

Thy Counsel I resolve to take with speed,
If 'twas for me *Christ* on the Cross did bleed;
I will send up a Sigh, a bitter Groan,
And earnestly implore his gracious Throne.
Most Holy *God*, who dwellest in the light!
Ah! What am I before thee in thy sight?
Wilt thou attend, or listen to my Cry?
Thou know'st my Grief, and where my pain doth lye:
Can'st thou not cease my deeply wounded Soul,
Who in my Blood am forc'd to lye and roul;

Is there no Balm in *Gilead*, is there none?
Into dark ſilence then, Lord, I'll be gone.
Where are thy Bowels, is thy Mercy fled?
Lord, think upon the Blood *Chriſt Jeſus* ſhed;
If thou can't heal my Soul of all its grief,
Then let me Periſh without all relief.
Why were thy Sides piereed? Lord *Jeſus*, why
Did'ſt ſuffer for thine own Iniquity?
There was no Sin, I'm ſure, nor Guilt in thee
That caus'd thy Pains; did'ſt thou not dye for me?
Did'ſt thou not Juſtice fully ſatisfie,
And pay the Debt? Muſt I in Priſon lye,
When Reſtitution's made in the higheſt degree?
Oh! come and ſet my Soul at liberty,
Knock off theſe bolts and chains, and bring me forth
Out of this Pit, deep Mire, and bands of Death.
Lord, muſt I bleed? Did I not bleed before
In thy ſad Wounds? Can Juſtice challenge more?
O! ſhall my heart-ſtrings break? my ſoul doth groan,
I languiſh, Lord, whil'ſt thou ſtand'ſt looking on.
Lord, doſt thou hear thee Ravens when they cry?
And wilt thou not my preſent Wants ſupply?
Wilt thou the door of Mercy ne're unlock?
Lord open unto me now I do knock.
O Son of *David*, help; think on thy Word,
And unto me ſome Mercy, Lord, afford.

Jesus.

What voice is this? who is't that makes this cry?
What sinful Wretch is in extremity?
That thus implores for help, and follows me,
That takes no nay, although I silent be.

Youth.

Lord, 'tis a poor dejected piece of Earth,
That is undone, and sighs for a new Birth.

Jesus.

Was I not sent unto *Jacob's* Race?
How com'st thou then to have so bold a face
To importune me, when ye know full well,
You are not of the stock of *Israel?*
Come you not of the cursed *Gentile* Seed?
Be gone from me, and further don't proceed.

Youth.

Ah! help, dear Lord, and some compassion show,
For to whom else, or whither can I go?

Jesus.

It's meet that I should give to Dogs that Bread,
With which the Children should be nourished?

Youth.

True, Lord, that I do grant, and ever shall,
Yet may the Dogs eat up those Crums which fall

From

From their own Masters Table: though a Whelp,
Lord, look on me, O precious Saviour, help.

Jesus.

What ailest thou, poor Soul? what's thy condition,
Which makes thee shed these tears of sad contrition?

Youth.

My Grief, my Pain, and great extremity,
Lord, thou dost know, and all my wants dost see.
Ah! I have sinn'd, and am so vile and base,
I hate my self, and loath my present case,
I am a lump of filth, wholly unclean,
A viler Creature there has never been.
I languish, Lord, my wounds they are not small,
And I have wounded thee, that's worst of all.

Jesus.

Come cease thy Grief, what is't thou dost desire?
My Soul doth melt, my Heart is set on fire,
My Bowels yern, I longer can't refrain
From Tears, as well as thee I am in pain:
Thy Wounds afflict me, and thy bitter Cry
Doth pierce my Heart, I know thy Misery.
What is it, Soul? speak forth thy mind to me;
What dost thou crave, or shall I do for thee?
Come, open thy Heart to me, for I am nigh
Thy Suit to grant, thy Wants for to supply.

Youth.

'Tis not for Riches, nor for Pleaſures here,
Nor Honours, which by Men ſo prized are;
Nor length of days, Lord, do I ſeek or crave,
'Tis ſomething elſe my Soul doth long to have.
The Earth's a blaſt, and all the World's a bubble,
There's nothing in't can eaſe me of my trouble.
Such is my State, nought but thy Hand can ſave,
'Tis thou muſt raiſe dead *Lazarus* from the Grave.
Knock off theſe Bolts, and ſet thy Priſoner free,
And give thy Grace (Lord *Jeſus*) unto me.
My fainting Spirit comfort and refreſh,
O ſpare my Soul, but crucifie the Fleſh;
Compleat thy Work (Lord Jeſus) on my Heart,
And thy own Righteouſneſs to me impart.
There's nought, I ſee, will do me any good
Save the dear merit of thy precious Blood.
My bleeding Soul will faint away and dye,
If thou doſt not thy Blood with ſpeed apply.
How has my panting Breaſt ſent many a groan,
With bitter Tears up to thy gracious Throne,
For one ſweet look and aſpect of thine Eye?
There's nothing elſe which will me ſatisfie:
Oh! manifeſt thy love unto my Soul,
For that will cure me, and ſoon make me whole.
My gaſping Soul's diſſolved into Tears, (fears;
Whil'ſt pleas'd with hopes, and yet poſſeſs'd with
My great Requeſt, alas, is only this,
Come ſeal thy Love to me with a ſweet kiſs:

For

For nought is there in Earth, nor Heaven above,
Which I esteem or value like thy Love.
A promise grant, some word to lye upon,
Before my Life and little hopes are gone,
My Soul's afraid, and trembles thou dost see,
Because I know how I unworthy be:
Ah! I have made thee bleed, I am so vile;
Thy Frowns I do deserve, but not thy Smile.
How did I grieve and put thy Soul to pain?
The thoughts of it doth cut my Heart in twain.
Thy Messengers, how did my Soul refuse?
And my poor *Conscience* wickedly abuse,
Who did receive Commission from above,
Either to clear, or sharply to reprove:
I unto *Truth* oft-times turn'd a deaf Ear,
And unto *Satan* rather did adhere.
I slighted thee, and Sin I did embrace,
Which shames me greatly to look in thy Face.
If thou should'st pardon such a one as I,
And save my Soul to all Eternity,
And me embrace in a contract of love,
And all thy wrath for ever quite remove:
It would be Grace and Love beyond degree,
And such which never can expressed be.
O! wilt thou speak again? dear Saviour do,
A Promise, Lord, or I'll not let thee go.

Jesus.

What faith hast thou, poor soul? can'st thou believe,
And stedfastly my benefits receive?

Do'ſt think that I have power, and a Heart
To ſave, to help, and free thee from thy ſmart?

Youth.

My Faith, alas! is weak, O ſend relief!
Lord, I believe, O help my unbelief!
That precious Voice which I did lately hear,
Will ſoon remove my doubts and all my fear.
If Love as well as Pity thou doſt ſhow,
'Twill give me Joy, and take away my Woe.
But thou may'ſt, Lord, my Soul commiſerate,
And yet may I be in a dying ſtate.
Over *Jeruſalem* thou did'ſt Lament,
Who had no ſaving Grace for to Repent.
Is there in thee ſuch bowels of Compaſſion,
As to beſtow thy Self, and thy Salvation,
On ſuch a Worm as I, whoſe wounded breaſt
Is heavy loaded, and would fain have reſt?
O help, dear Lord, my fainting Soul will dye,
Without an Anſwer from thee ſpeedily.

Jeſus.

Look up to me, and ſee my Love deſcending,
'Tis from Eternity, and has no ending.
Canſt thou have more, dear Soul? thou haſt my heart;
What e're is mine, to thee I will impart.
Thy ſcarlet ſins are waſhed quite away,
Not one of them unto thy charge I'll lay.
Pull up thy drooping heart, be of good chear,
Thy ſins, though ne're ſo great, forgiven are.

I able am to ſave to th' uttermoſt,
All thoſe who do in me put all their truſt.
Thoſe which do come to me, I in no wiſe
Will caſt them out; therefore lift up thine Eyes,
Behold my Hands and Feet, and do not doubt,
For I have waſht and cleans'd thy Soul throughout.
Thy Debts I've paid, and quitted the old ſcore;
Thy former Faults I'll ne're remember more.
Enter thy Royal Fort, thou haſt obtain'd
Th' fountain of pleaſure, holy love unſtain'd:
Take up thy Lodging in Eternal love,
What's here below? thy Treaſure is above.
Chear up, poor heart, I tell thee thou art mine,
My blood was ſhed to ſave that Soul of thine:
With endleſs Joys thy Soul I'll ſatisfie,
And in my Boſom ever ſhalt thou lye.
In my unfolded Arms I now thee take,
And do engage I'll never thee forſake.
In the Fire, and in the Water, I'll be near,
And help thee through all Grief and Troubles here.
Yea, I'll be with thee always to the end,
And Death at laſt I'll cauſe to be thy Friend;
And make it's paſſage alſo unto thee
Only an entrance to felicity.
Rivers of Pleaſures thou ſhalt have to th' brim,
Wherein the Prophets and Apoſtles ſwim,
And with great Glory thou ſhalt crowned be,
And on the Throne ſit down alſo with me.
World, Death, nor Devil ever ſhall remove
My Heart from thee, for thoſe I truly love,

I love to th' end: Ah! Soul, 'tis thou ſhalt lye
In my own Arms to all Eternity.

Youth.

Darkneſs is gone, day-light begins to ſpring,
Heavens melody I find's the ſweeteſt thing.
The Sun is riſen now, it is broke forth,
And glorioufly enlightens my dark Earth.
My Soul is raviſh'd with this joyful ſight,
Yea, and diſſolv'd with Love and true delight.
My Heart is melted with Cœleſtial Fire,
And has obtain'd at length its own deſire.
My frozen Soul muſt needs run down amain,
Which ſuch hot beams from *Jeſus* doth obtain:
The door is open'd, *Chriſt* has given a knock
Has made it fly, and has diſſolv'd the Rock.
My Heart which was ſo hard, is made to yield,
Chriſt has o'recome me now, and won the Field.
The War is ceas'd between the Lord and I,
A Peace is made to all Eternity.
What joy is this? Ah! 'tis beyond all meaſure,
There's nothing like to inward joy and pleaſure.
As was my burden, ſo I find my reſt,
O that was great! and this can't be expreſt.
What Heart can taſte of theſe tranſcendent joys,
And not account Earths pleaſures empty toys!
Such is the nature of a ſecond Birth,
Makes Heav'n on Earth, turns ſorrow into mirth.
Once was I blind, ſenſleſs, bewitch'd, nay, mad,
I thought in *Chriſt* no comfort could be had:

Religion

Religion was, I thought, a foolish thing,
Which could no pleasure nor no profit bring.
I thought Professors greatly were misled,
When I beheld what things they suffered:
But I am now convinc'd of my mistake,
For I my self could, for *Christ Jesus* sake,
Any Derision or Affliction bear,
Such inward Peace in him, and Joys is there.
What Man would not all Earthly glory slight,
For one small dram, or taste of such delight?
To have *Christ*'s Love, and in his Bosom lye,
Yields true content, and sweet felicity.
Ah! happy I, I live! my Soul's involv'd,
In secret Raptures, Sighs to be dissolv'd,
And be with *Christ*, my home, and resting place
For to enjoy, and see him face to face.
And in the int'rim, Lord, whil'st here I stay,
I faithfully will do what thou dost say.
And help me Lord, thy praise for to declare
Unto all precious Children far and near.
O help me to lift up my voice on high!
Let joyful *Hallelujahs* pierce the Sky.
And Eccho back again, resound on Earth,
Since thou hast wrought in me the second Birth:
Let me with the Cœlestial Angels sing,
And make thy Praises round the World to ring!
Thou'st brought my Soul out of the lowest Pit,
And in the paths of *Sion* set my feet!
Thou hast from Darkness brought me into Light,
And to mine Eyes thou hast restored sight!

Nay

Nay, haſt my Soul ſav'd from Eternal Death,
And ſhall not I thy praiſes, Lord, ſing forth?
O let my Tongue, my Heart, and Life make known
The favour, Lord, which to me thou haſt ſhown!
Let me aloft, by thy beſt Grace, aſpire,
To ſound thy Praiſe with the Cœleſtial Quire.
With ſwift wing'd *Cherubims*, Lord, let me joyn,
To magnifie that glorious Name of thine.
Let not remainders of the Fleſh diſturb
My precious Peace that's new: O do thou curb,
Yea, kill and crucifie each evil thought,
With Vengeance let thoſe Rebels down be brought,
And let me on the Earth live all my days,
Unto thy Glory and tranſcendent praiſe.
And then, great *God*, when theſe ſhort days are o're,
With *Seraphims* I'll ſing for evermore.

Truth.

What Melody and Triumph do I hear?
Whoſe voice is this that ſoundeth in my Ear?
What Eagle-ey'd Soul's this that ſoars on high,
That with ſweet wings aloft doth mount and fly,
And in Eternal love ſeems to lye down,
Adorn'd with Grace, and raviſh'd with the Crown
Of inward Peace? that taketh up its reſt
At *Jeſus Chriſt*'s ſweet ſatisfying Breaſt,
And breaking forth in Raptures, can't expreſs,
As he would do his humble thankfulneſs.

Youth.

Youth.

'Tis I, bleſt *Truth*, the Conqueſt now is wone,
Grace has prevail'd, I am the Conquer'd one:
My Grief is turn'd to Joy, yea, and my Night
Is alſo chang'd into Eternal Light.
Thy power's great when *Grace* doth work with thee,
Yea, ſoon do then obtain the Victory.
Bleſt be the day that ever thou wert ſent,
To change my Heart, and move me to repent.
Dear love to thee, O *Truth!* I ſhall retain
So long as I upon the Earth remain.
I'll keep thee cloſe, and hide thee in my Heart,
For thou more precious than rich Jewels art.
I'll loſe my All before I'll part with thee,
So much I love and prize thy Company.
Though *Satan* ſtir up Foes never ſo cruel,
Devils nor Men ſhan't rob me of my Jewel.
I am reſolv'd a thouſand Deaths to dye,
Before I will *GOD's* bleſſed Truth deny.
Though of Deceivers there's a multitude,
Yet none of them ſhall my poor Soul delude.
Though they do thee reproach, ſlight and contemn,
I by Experience can refute all them,
Who ſay thy Words nought but dead Letters are,
Which Men may burn, or into pieces tare:
The out-ſide of the Book they only ſee,
Who thus do ſpeak reproachfully of thee:
For did they but thy inward power know,
They'd never ſpeak, as oftentimes they do:

But soon they would *God*'s written Word extol,
Above that Light which they cry up in all.
The Light which *Conscience* unto me doth give,
I'll always own as long as I do live;
But from *God*'s word doth its chief light descend,
Therefore the Holy Scriptures I'll commend:
For had we not *God*'s word to light our Hearts,
The Heathens which do live in Forreign parts,
Who never heard of *Christ*, might understand
As much as any do in this our Land:
Alas! we should have been unto this day,
In all respects as ignorant as they.
But I'll forbear, because I must with speed
Attend upon *God*'s Truth with care and heed,
To hear what will he say; O Truth wilt thou
Concerning me, shew forth thy Judgments now;
I do intreat thee prove me thoroughly,
For still I do retain a Jealousie
Over my Heart, because that I have seen
How I deceived oftentimes have been.

Truth.

Conscience, to thee I must once more descend,
The Controversie thou alone must end:
How is it with him now? what dost thou say?
Hast any thing unto his Charge to lay?
Remember what I formerly have shown,
And let thy present thoughts with speed be known.

Conscience

Conſcience.

I always ready am Judgment to give,
According to the Light I do receive,
And never was more free than now am I
My thoughts to ſhew; your Suit I can't deny.
O Sir! the caſe is chang'd; I am his Friend,
His ſweet condition I muſt needs commend,
Grace has ſubdu'd Corruption in his Heart,
That he's made clean, and waſh'd in every part;
My Teſtimony you may take for Truth,
He's now become a very humble Youth,
He's truly Godly, Faithful and Sincere,
I do for him, and ſhall my witneſs bear:
All kinds of Evil doth his Soul deſie,
He hates above all things Hypocriſie:
Will and Affections now are changed quite,
That in the Lord alone is his delight.
There's no Command of *Chriſt's*, not any one
That he's convinc'd of, but he has done:
He faithfully alſo the Lord obeys,
Without excuſes, put-offs, or delays,
He grieveth moſt for Sins that ſecret are,
Which unto Men do not i'th' leaſt appear.
He's more in ſubſtance than he is in ſhow,
When high'ſt in Joy, his Heart is very low.
All his own Righteouſneſs he doth diſown,
And does rely on *Jeſus Chriſt* alone.
Chriſt is become ſo precious in his ſight,
He's firſt with him i'th' Morn, and laſt at Night.

He willingly has taken up the Croſs,
And doth account what e're is his but droſs;
And parts with it moſt freely, *Chriſt* to gain,
Since he hath found Earths beſt enjoyments vain:
Chriſt he exalts as King i'th' higheſt degree,
And gives each Office its full dignity.
He uſes me alſo moſt tenderly,
Becauſe he knows that my Authority
Is from above; it is for *Jeſus* ſake
He ſides with me, and doth reſolve to take
My part always, what e're he doth ſuſtain,
He'll rather ſuffer than would make me pain:
Chriſt has in me ſet up his bleſſed Throne,
And over me no other Man he'll own:
Chriſt muſt alone in me the Scepter ſway,
And he will dye before he'll give away
Chriſt's Right and Soveraignty in his dear Soul.
He is reſolved to ſuffer no controul,
In things alone which to me appertain,
Fear leſt thereby *Chriſt*'s Glory he ſhould ſtain.

Truth.

Oh! happy Young-Man, bleſſed from above,
Bleſſed with Grace, and raviſhed with the Love
Of thy Eternal Lord, in whoſe ſweet Breaſt
Thou doſt lye, and evermore ſhalt reſt,
Thy Honour's laſting, now it can't decay,
Thy Treaſure's ſure, Thieves cannot ſteal't away:
Thy Pleaſures are beyond thought or conceit,
And thy rare Beauty is without deceit.

Thy

Thy ſtrength, thy Wiſdom, nor thy Youth ſhall fade,
Nor can'ſt thou dye, thou art immortal made,
Eternal Life is given unto thee,
And thou ſhalt Reign to all Eternity.

Vicinus.

There's none on Earth is able to expreſs,
The inward Peace this Young-Man doth poſſeſs;
Whil'ſt to his Joy he clearly doth eſpy
This bleſſed Concord, and rare Harmony:
Conſcience and *Truth* moſt ſweetly do agree,
He's freed from Bondage and Captivity.
Chriſt's Spirit doth with *Conſcience* witneſs bear,
He's born of *GOD*, and is become an Heir
(With his dear Saviour) of Eternal bliſs,
What Conſolation can there be like this?
But whil'ſt thus fill'd with joy and true delight,
The *Devil* falls on him with all his Might;
With ſtrong aſſaults, his Faith for to deſtroy,
Which much abates and mittigates his joy:
But *Satan* failing in his Enterprize
In one reſpect, another way he tries;
And with malicious threats he breaketh forth,
Spitting his Venome and his Helliſh Wrath:
Which in ſome meaſure may to you appear,
By what immediately doth follow here.

Devil.

Heark, heark, thou curſed wretch, vengeance is mine,
And I'll repay't upon that Soul of thine;

In dreadful Wrath I will contend with thee,
If thou wilt not again ſubmit to me,
Will not my ſhining Glory thee invite,
Nor all my Agents fell thy Soul affright
To leave thoſe curſed ways in which you go?
Then I'll ſome way contrive your overthrow.
Though out of your Dominions I am beat,
And forc'd am at preſent to retreat;
Yet I'll return like to a Lyon ſtrong,
And break thy Bones to pieces ere't be long.

Youth.

Father of Lyes, do'ſt think I dread thy frown?
'Tis paſt thy skill to throw my Glory down;
Thy head is broke, thou art a beaten Foe,
And chained up; alas! thou canſt not do
According to thy Wrath and curſed Spight,
Chriſt's Power is mine, who ſtronger is in Might;
Me he'll not leave, thou h temp:ed am by thee,
Yet he knows how to help and ſuccour me.
What matter is't although thou art inraged,
When the great Pow'r of Heaven is ingaged
To ſide with me always, and take my part?
Though thou a Lyon and a Serpent art,
Yet may'ſt as ſoon the Lord of Life o'recome,
As to produce and work my final Doom,
So long as I do for his Glory ſtand,
And am obedient to his beſt Command.

Devil.

But I have ſo much craft and ſubtilty,
That I can make the Lord thine Enemy:
Though thou do'ſt think he is become thy Friend,
I'll by Temptation move thee to offend
Him ere't be long; and ſoon you will eſpy
In's anger, you he'll caſt off utterly:
And then I'll tear and rend you as I lift,
And you ſhall have no power to reſiſt.

Youth.

God has beſtow'd on me his precious Grace,
That I abhor the thoughts of giving place
To thee, O *Satan*! though thou doſt intice,
God will preſerve my Soul from deadly Vice:
But if through weakneſs him I ſhould offend,
In bowels he'll to me his Pardon ſend.
Chriſt is my Advocate; *God* will paſs by
All Sins of Weakneſs and Infirmity.
Although he uſe the Rod, his precious Love
I'm ſure from me he never will remove.

Devil.

Your hopes will fail, alas! black clouds will hide
Your glorious Sun, your ſteps will quickly ſlide:
Your Morning's bright, but ſoon 'twill over-caſt,
And all your joy will ſcarce a moment laſt.
Though *Truth* doth now thy preſent ſtate commend,
Yet you will find the Proverb true i'th' end,

That the young Saint will an old Devil be:
You'll dye and periſh in Apoſtaſie.

Youth.

'Cauſe thou haſt loſt thy former happy ſtate,
With malice thou ſtir'ſt up thy bitter hate
Againſt my Soul, thou ſhew'ſt thy wicked ſpight,
But thy vile Teeth are broke, thou can'ſt not bite.
Thou doſt on me caſt forth an envious frown,
Becauſe thou haſt for ever loſt thy Crown.
Becauſe thy Morning's turned into Night,
Doſt think thou ſhalt my Soul amaze and fright
With ſuch inſnared thoughts? I thee defie;
Nothing can break that bleſſed Band and Tye,
Or Covenant, which *Chriſt* with me has made,
My ſtanding firm, my Crown can never fade.
He that has in my Soul this work begun,
Will finiſh it I'm ſure e're he has done.
There's ne're a Lamb or Sheep of his dear Fold,
But he will keep, he has of them ſuch hold,
That in the mid'ſt of danger they ſhall ſtand,
And none ſhall pluck them out of his ſtrong hand,
They by his Pow'r are kept in ev'ry Nation,
Till they are ſafely brought unto Salvation.
Upon the Rock of Ages I am placed,
And my Foundation never can be razed;
Though Mountains ſhould depart, and Hills remove,
Yet *Chriſt* will never change in his dear love;
Nor cauſe his Covenant of his laſting peace
To be remov'd, nor his ſweet Mercy ceaſe;

The

The *Truth* and *Conscience* both joyntly agree,
That the new-birth is truly wrought in me.
Th' Immortal Seed I'm sure must needs bring forth
A Babe Immortal; and my Heavenly Birth
Doth shew to all, and clearly signifie,
I cannot perish in Apostacy.
The Head and Members of one Nature are,
Or else *Christ*'s Body a strange Monster were.
As sure as he's in Heaven, so shall I,
And reign with him to all Eternity.

Devil.

My words I see no place at all can find
Within the Centre of thy evil Mind:
I'll leave thee therefore with my dreadful Curse,
Which is as bad as Hell; nay, it is worse
Than all the Plagues of the Infernal Lake;
And let all those who love me, Vengeance take
Upon so vile a Wretch: and though I do
Forsake thee now, within a day or two
I'll come again, and will thy Soul torment,
Till thou of thy Repentance shalt repent.

Youth.

O Lord, I praise thee for that glorious Pow'r,
Which helpt my Soul in such a needful hour
Of strong Assaults from the vile wicked one;
Thou help'st me to resist him, and he's gone.
Therefore, dear *GOD*, be pleased to inflame
My Heart with Grace, to magnifie thy Name:

And

And when he comes again, O then be near,
And let thy Truth also for me appear:
Though I am young and weak, I shall thereby
Not fear th' assaults of any Enemy.
Come, speak, O *Truth*! wilt thou be on my side,
'Tis in thy strength still I very much confide;
Though I am feeble, thou art mighty strong,
And whil'st for me, there's none can do me wrong.

Truth.

I will, dear Soul, support thee whil'st on Earth,
And save thee from the rage of Hell and Death:
I will assist thee by a mighty Arm,
And keep thee day and night from hurt and harm;
And with my glitt'ring Sword cut down and slay
All curs'd Enemies who thee gain-say.

Grace.

If *Truth* should fail, I will thy wants supply,
Thou need'st not doubt of my sufficiency,
Light I will be in Darkness, Joy in Grief,
And when in trouble great, I'll bring relief.
If always thou dost on my Arm rely,
The Devil will be forc'd with speed to fly.
Never on me did any Soul depend,
But they obtain'd Deliv'rance in the end.
I'll help thy Soul through all its Christian strife,
And bring thee safe to Everlasting Life.

Conſcience.

I'll be the Third that will lend thee an hand,
We'll all combine to make a tripple band,
A threefold Cord can't eas'ly broken be,
I'll be a Friend in thine Adverſity.
There's not a Foe on Earth thou need'ſt to fear,
So long as I for thee my witneſs bear.
That thou in Truth doſt walk before the Lord,
And that thy ways do with his Word accord,
The Evil Foe ſhall be aſhamed quite,
Whil'ſt faithfully thou walk'ſt up to thy Light;
And *Satan* never can get any ground,
Whil'ſt I declare thy Heart is truly ſound.
Clear up, poor Soul, I'll aſſiſt thee conſtantly,
And plead for thee before the Enemy,
My ſweeteſt Wine alſo I'll keep toth' end,
At Death I will thy Soul with that befriend.
God's Word, that is thy ground in every thing,
His Glory is thy aim, from thence doth ſpring
All ſervice thou doſt do towards the Lord,
His Spirit therefore to thee he'll afford;
Than doth bear witneſs for thee, ſo do I,
And will alſo when thou do'ſt come to dye.

The Young-Man Experiencing Converſion truly wrought in his Soul, and that he's delivered from the Power of the Tempter, breaks forth into theſe following Hymns *of Prayer and Praiſes to* GOD.

A Myſti-

A Mystical Hymn of Thanksgiving.

MY Soul mounts up with Eagles wings,
And unto thee, dear *GOD*, she sings;
Since thou art on my side
My Enemies are forc'd to fly,
As soon as they do thee espy;
Thy Name be glorify'd.
Thou makest Rich, by making Poor,
By Poverty, add'st to my Store;
Such Grace dost thou provide,
Thou wound'st as well as thou mak'st whole,
And heal'st by wounding of the Soul;
Thy Name be glorify'd.
Thou mak'st Men Blind by giving Sight,
And turn'st their Darkness into Light:
These things can't be deny'd,
Thou cloath'st the Soul by making bare,
And give'st Food when none is there;
Thy Name be glorify'd.
Thou Killest by making alive,
By dying dost the Soul revive.
Which none can do besides;
Thou dost raise up by pulling down,
And by Abasing, thou dost Crown,
Thy Name be glorify'd.

By

By making bitter thou mak'ſt ſweet,
And mak'ſt each crooked thing to meet,
I'th' Soul which thou haſt try'd:
The fruitleſs Tree thou mak'ſt to grow,
And the green Tree doſt overthrow;
Thy Name be glorify'd.
The Conquered the Conqueſt gains;
By being Beat, the Field obtains,
Which makes me therefore cry,
Lord, while I live upon the Earth,
Since thou haſt wrought the ſecond Birth,
Thy Name I'll magnifie.
Thou mak'ſt men Wiſe, by 'coming Fools;
By emptying, thou fill'ſt their Souls,
Such Grace doſt thou provide:
By making weary thou giv'ſt Reſt,
That which ſeem'd worſt, proves for the beſt;
Thy Name be glorify'd.
Thou art far off, and alſo near,
And not confin'd, but ev'ry where,
And on the Clouds doſt ride:
O! thou art Love, and alſo Light;
There's none can go out of thy ſight;
Thy Name be magnify'd.
Lord, thou art great and alſo good,
And ſitt'ſt upon thy mighty flood,
By whom all Hearts are try'd:
Though thou art Three, yet art but One,
And comprehended art of none;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

The Excellency of Peace of Conscience.

MY *Conscience* is become my Friend,
And chearfully doth speak to me,
And I will to his motions bend,
Although that I reproached be:
I matter not who doth revile,
Since *Conscience* in my Face doth smile.
My *Conscience* now doth give me rest,
My burden's gone, my Soul is free;
Again I would not be oppress
In the old bands of Misery.
For Kingdoms, nor for Crowns of Gold,
Nor any thing which can be told.
My *Conscience* doth with precious Food,
Feed my poor Soul continually;
It's dainties also are so good,
All sinful sweets do I defy:
This Banquet's lasting, 'twill supply
My wants, and feast me till I dye.
My *Conscience* doth me chearful make,
When I am much possest with grief;
And when I suffer for its sake,
'Twill yield me joy and sweet relief:
Though troubles rise, and much increase,
I in my *Conscience* shall have Peace.
When others to the Mountains fly,
And sore amaz'd, do trembling stand:

A place of ſhelter then have I,
And *Conſcience* will lend me its hand
To lock me in the Chambers faſt,
Till th' Indignation's over-paſt.
At Death, and in the Judgment-Day
What would Men give for ſuch a Friend?
All thoſe which do him diſobey,
They'll it repent I'm ſure i'th' end:
When ſuch are forc'd to howl and cry,
My Soul ſhall ſing continually.

An Hymn on the Six Principles of Chriſt's *Doctrine.* Heb. 6. 1, 2.

REpentance is wrought in my Soul,
And Faith for to believe;
Whereby on Jeſus I do roul,
And truly him receive
As my dread Lord and Soveraign,
Him always to obey;
And in things o're me to reign,
And govern Night and Day.
Chriſt's Baptiſm it is very ſweet,
With laying on of Hands:
My Soul is brought to Jeſus Feet
In owning his Commands
Thoſe Ordinances Men oppoſe,
And count as carnal things.

I have

I have clos'd with, and tell't to thoſe,
From them rare comforts ſpring.

My precious Lord I muſt obey,
Though Men reproach me ſtill;
I'll do what-ever *Chriſt* doth ſay,
And yield unto his Will.

On *Chriſt* alone I do rely,
Though Men judge otherwiſe;
Becauſe I can't *GOD*'s Truth deny,
I am reproach'd with Lyes.

Let them deride, yet for *Chriſt*'s ſake
Reſolved now am I,
In his own ſtrength the Croſs to take,
Yea, and for him to dye.

Before I'll ever turn my back
On him whom I do love;
For I do know I ſhall not lack
His preſence from above.

For he has promis'd to the end,
To me he will be near;
And be to me a Faithful Friend,
Which makes me not to fear:

What-ever Men or Devils do
In ſecret place deſign,
He ſoon can them quite overthrow,
And help this Soul of mine.

The Reſurrection of the Dead
I conſtantly maintain;

When all thoſe which lye buried,
Shall riſe up to Life again.
And that the Judgment-day will come,
When *Chriſt* upon the Throne
Shall paſs a black Eternal Doom,
Upon each Wicked one.
But all the Saints then joyfully
With Bowels he'll embrace,
And Crowns to all Eternity
Upon their Heads he'll place;
And in the Kingdom ſhall they Reign,
Prepared long before,
And alſo ſhall with *Chriſt* remain,
In bliſs for evermore.

A Spiritual Hymn.

THe Sun doth now begin to ſhine,
And breaketh forth yet more and more;
Meer darkneſs was that Light of mine,
Which I commended heretofore.
I was involved in my Sin;
Had Day without, but Night within.
My former days I did compare,
Unto the ſweet and lovely Spring:
I thought that time it was as rare,
As when the chirping Birds do Sing,
But I was Blind, I now do ſee,
There was no Spring nor Light in me.

My Spring it was the Winter-time,
Yet like the mid'ſt of cold *December*,
The Sun was gone out of my Clime:
And alſo I do remember
My Heart was cold as any ſtone,
My leaves were off, and ſap was gone.

GOD is a Sun, a Shield alſo,
The glory of the World is He,
True Light alone from him doth flow,
And he has now enlightned me:
The Sun doth his ſweet beams diſplay,
Like to the dawning of the day.

How precious is't to ſee the Sun,
When in the Morning it doth riſe,
And ſhineth in our Horizon,
To th' clearing of the cloudy Skies!
The miſty Fogs, by his ſtrong Light
Are vaniſh'd quite out of our ſight.

Thus doth the Lord in my poor Heart,
By his ſtrong Beams and glorious Rays,
The light from darkneſs clearly part,
And makes in me rare ſhining days.
Though Fogs appear, and Clouds do riſe,
He doth expel them from mine Eyes;

Were there no glorious Lamp above,
What dark confuſion would be here!
If *GOD* ſhould quite the Sun remove,
How would the Seamen do to ſteer!
My Soul's the World, and *Chriſt*'s the Sun,
If He ſhines not, I am undone.

In Winter things hang down their head,
Until *Sol*'s Beams do them revive;
So I in Sin lay buried,
Till *Jesus Christ* made me alive:
Alas! my Heart was Ice and Snow,
Till Sun did shine, and Winds did blow,
Until warm Gales of Heav'nly Wind
Did sweetly blow, and Sun did dart
Its Light on me, I could not find
No heat within my inward part;
Then blow thou Wind, and shine thou Sun,
To make my Soul a lively one.
In nat'ral Men there is a Light,
Which for their Sins doth them reprove,
And yet are they but in the Night,
And not renewed from above:
The Moon is given (it is clear)
To guide Men who in Darkness are,
The Sun for brightness doth exceed
The Stars of Heaven, or the Moon;
Of them there is but little need,
When Sun doth shine towards high Noon.
Just so the Gospel doth excel
The Law *GOD* gave to *Israel*,
All those who do the Gospel slight,
And rather have a legal Guide,
The Sun's not risen in their sight,
And therefore 'tis that they deride
Those who commend the Gospel Sun
Above the Light in ev'ry one.

Degrees of Light I do perceive,
Some of them weak, and others ſtrong;
That which is ſaving, none receive,
But thoſe who unto *Chriſt* belong:
Yet doth each Light ſerve for the end,
For which, to Man, *GOD* did it ſend.

Divine Breathings.

An Hymn.

LEt not the Sun Eclipſed be,
Nor any dark Cloud interpoſe
Between thy ſelf (dear *Chriſt*) and me,
Who art that bleſſed *Sharon*'s Roſe:
O! let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since thou by choice haſt made me thine.
Always let me walk in the Light
Till Grace doth me with Glory Crown;
Turn not my Morning into Night,
Nor ever let my Sun go down:
O! let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since by dear purchaſe I am thine.
Let not thick Fogs, O Lord! ariſe
From the groſs Lump of inward Earth,
To th' hiding of the glorious Skies,
The thought of that's as bad as Death:
O! let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since by Adoption I am thine.

Lord

Lord, let my Morning be more bright,
And my Sun-ſhine to th' perfect day.
And let mine Eyes have ſtronger ſight,
That I behold its Glory may.
O! let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since *GOD* by Gift has made me thine;
Lord ſhine, and make my Heart more ſoft,
And temper it, the Seal to take;
Make it according as it ought,
Lord do it for thy own Names ſake.
O! let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since by ſweet Contract I am thine.
The Light of thy dear Countenance,
It is the thing I only prize;
Let not therefore mine Ignorance
Darken the Light of my dim Eyes.
O! let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since I by Faith am wholly thine.
O! be my Strength, my Light, my Guide,
Always until I come to dye;
And from thy paths ne're let me ſlide,
But Light me to Eternity.
O! let thy Face upon me ſhine,
For I my ſelf to thee reſign;
There's many, Lord, who daily cry,
Oh! whom will ſhew us any good?
'Tis in thy ſelf, Lord, it doth lye,
Although by few 'tis underſtood:
O! let thy Face upon me ſhine,
For I by Conqueſt now am thine.

Lord in the Light I thee enjoy,
And with thy Saints Communion have,
No Devil can that Soul deſtroy,
Whom thou intendeſt for to ſave:
Oh! let thy Face upon me ſhine,
For I can't ſay, Lord, thou art mine.

Let not the Sun only appear,
For to enlighten my dark Heart,
But to poor Souls both far and near,
The ſelf ſame Glory, Lord, impart:
O! let thy Face upon them ſhine
As it doth now, dear *GOD*, on mine;

Let Light and Glory ſo break forth,
And darkneſs fly and quite be gone,
That all thy Saints upon the Earth,
May in the Truth be joyn'd in one:
O! let thy Face ſo brightly ſhine,
As to diſcover who are thine.

Let Grace and Knowledge now abound,
And the bleſt Goſpel ſhine ſo clear,
That it *Romes* Harlot may confound,
And *Popiſh* darkneſs quite caſhier:
O! let thy Face on *Sion* ſhine,
But plague thoſe curſed Foes of thine.

Let *France*, dark *Spain*, and *Italy*,
Thy Light and Glory, Lord, behold,
To each adjacent Countrey
Do thou the Goſpel plain unfold:
O! let thy Face upon them ſhine,
That all theſe Nations may be thine.

Let *Chriſtendom* new Chriſt'ned be,
And unto thee, O! let them turn,
And be Baptiz'd, O *Chriſt!* by thee,
With th' Spirit of thy Holy One:
O! let thy Face upon it ſhine,
That *Chriſtendom* may all be thine,
And carry on thy glorious Work
Victoriouſly in every Land,
Let *Tartars* and the mighty *Turk*
Subject themſelves to thy Command:
O! let thy Face upon them ſhine,
That thoſe blind People may be thine,
And let thy brightneſs alſo go,
To *Aſia* and to *Africa*,
Let *Egypt* and *Aſſyria* too,
Submit unto thy bleſſed Law;
O! let thy Face upon them ſhine,
That thoſe dark Regions may be thine:
Nay, precious *GOD*, let Light extend
To *China* and *Eaſt-India*;
To thee let all the People bend,
Who live in wild *America*:
O! let thy bleſſed Goſpel ſhine,
That the blind Heathens may be thine:
Send forth thy Light like to the Morn,
Moſt ſwiftly, Lord, O! let it fly
From *Cancer* unto *Capricorn*,
That all dark Nations may eſpy
Thy glorious Face on them to ſhine,
And they in *Chriſt* for to be thine.

The fulneſs of the *Gentiles*, Lord,
Bring in with ſpeed, O! let them fear
Thy Name in Truth, with one accord.
Live they far off, or live they near,
O! let thy Face upon them ſhine,
And let us know, Lord, who are thine:
And let alſo the glorious News
Of thy Salvation, yield relief
Unto the ſad diſtreſſed *Jews*,
Who hardened are in unbelief:
O! let thy Face upon them ſhine,
For *Abraham*'s ſake, that Friend of thine:
O! don't forget poor *Iſrael*,
But let thy Light and glorious Rays
'Cauſe their rare Beauty to excel,
Beyond what 'twas in former days:
O! cauſe thy Face ſweetly to ſhine,
That *Jews* and *Gentiles* may be thine.
O! let all Kingdoms now with ſpeed,
And all the Nations under Heaven,
From all groſs Darkneſs quite be freed,
And Power to thy Saints be given,
That they in Glory, Lord, may ſhine,
According to that Word of thine.

AN

AN

APPENDIX.

Containing a Dialogue between an Old *Apoſtate* and Young *Profeſſor*;

Apoſtate.

HOw many ſtraits and croſſes have I met,
Since I my ſelf to ſeek for *Canaan* ſet!
Red Seas and Wilderneſſes lye between;
Why venture I for what I ne're have ſeen?
Why can I not, where I am now, remain,
Or to my old delights turn back again?
My head has been perplext with cares and fears,
Since to theſe Preachers I inclin'd my Ears;
They were but Fancies that diſturb'd my mind,
I ſought for ſomething which I could not find.
Would *GOD* in *Egypt* I had ſtill remain'd,
For there's no *Canaan* likely to be gain'd.
Conſcience be ſilent, don't diſturb me more,
Upon ſuch things I will no longer pore;
For back to *Egypt* I will now retire,
Where I ſhall have things to my hearts deſire.

Devil.

Devil.

Purſue thy purpoſe, thou ſhalt underſtand,
What e're I have ſhall be at thy Command:
My Kingdom's great, this World is wholly mine,
Bow down to me, and all ſhall then be thine.
Afraid I was I ſhould have loſt thee quite, (ſight.
There's nought like that which here's now in thy
Behold the Bags of Gold which thou ſhalt have,
Honours on Earth, Riches and Pleaſures brave,
When others forc't in Priſon are to lye,
Thou ſhalt enjoy thy precious liberty:
When Kings and Princes do upon them frown,
Thou ſhalt be held in Honour and Renown.
Thou haſt much Goods laid up for many Years,
And long ſhalt live free from all Cares and Fears.
Thy Seed eſtabliſh'd too ſhall be on Earth,
And thou ſhalt ſpend thy days in Joy and Mirth:
Thoughts of Religion utterly diſdain,
Nor think of *God*, or *Jeſus Chriſt* again;
Phanatick Fables never more regard,
The pains of Hell which thou oft haſt heard,
Are nought ſave fictions of their crafty Head,
With fear of nothing are they frightned:
That Mad-men like, they do tread under Feet
Thoſe lovely Joys which Wiſe-men find moſt ſweet.
Religion's nought but a deviſed thing,
Which up at firſt ſome crafty Head did bring
To awe the minds of Fools, who wanting Wit,
Take that for Gold that's a meer Counterfeit.

The

The truth of th' Scripture thou hast cause to doubt,
For divers places thou may'st soon find out
Which inconsistent to each other be,
Of what it speaks there is no certainty.
Conclude in truth, there is no *GOD* at all,
Why should'st thou be so foolish as to call
On him, whom thou did'st never see or know,
Unless it's thus, because that most do so?
Let Melancholy Fancies now therefore
Ne're vex thy Mind, nor grieve thee any more.
Enjoy thy self on Earth, and heap up Gold,
No good like that which Purse or Bags do hold.
Come Eat and Drink, to Morrow thou must Dye,
And afterwards there's no Eternity,
As some suppose, for thou i'th' Grave shalt rot,
And as the Beast be utterly forgot:
But since you know it is reproach to them,
Who all Religion utterly contemn,
Thou may'st Religious also seem to be,
For there is that is very fit for thee.
Melodious sounds, sweet Mirth, and Musick rare,
Do much affect the Heart, and charm the Ear.
No worship on the Earth do suit so well
With Flesh and Blood, or doth for ease excel,
Or with Man's Interest doth so well agree,
Like what's maintain'd in famous *Italy*.
That, that's the Worship which for thee I pick,
I'm not against thy turning *Catholick*:
If there's an Heaven, for this thou need'st not doubt,
An easier way for thee I can't find out.

The

The way's ſo broad, whole Nations walk therein,
And Perſons of all ſorts, no let is Sin.
Wer't thou at *Rome*, thou'ſt hear melodious ſounds,
Sweet Joy and Mirth on every ſide abounds:
Fine Boys and Men, Raviſhing Notes do ſing,
Whil'ſt Organs play in Conſort, and Bells ring;
In that brave way thou'lt have thy Liberty,
To do ſuch things as others do deny.
Thou may'ſt be Mad, Carouſe and Domineer,
Strict *Roman Catholicks* ſuch things cah bear; (curſe,
If thou do'ſt ſwear, drink healths, yea, or ſhould'ſt
There's few i'th' Church would like thee e're the
Or if thou ſhould'ſt ſome curious Lady ſpy. (worſe;
Or view ſome pretty Maid with wanton Eye,
To court or play with her thou need'ſt not fear,
For Venial Sins, alas, all ſuch things are;
And one great help and Remedy thou'lt have,
Which from all grief and danger will thee ſave:
If it fall out by chance at any time (Crime,
Thou ſhould'ſt commit ſome great and hainous
There is ſtraight-way the bleſſed Abſolution,
A preſent help, and yet no Superſtition.
For a ſmall Sum of Money ſoon is had
A Pardon for all Sins, though ne're ſo bad.
His Holineſs (for a few Shillings) can
Murder and Perjury forgive to Man;
Nay, unto thee can grant a diſpenſation
To Kill and Murder any in a Nation,
Who us and th' Holy Church hate and oppoſe;
Come trouble not thy ſelf, but ſtraight-way cloſe

With

With his fam'd *Church, to whom such Power's given,*
To open and shut with ease the Gates of Heaven.
And make that Sin to day which ne're was Sin,
And that lawful, which lawful ne're hath bin.
Come buy the Beads, and Crucifix also,
And as the Church believes, believe thou too,
For this I hope to see, o're a few days,
Some Thousands more cleaving to those old ways:
And thou wilt not such an advantage gain,
As now thou may'st with ease I'm sure obtain;
And since in kindness and affection dear,
I've shew'd thee how to be preferred here,
And do ingage thy faithful Friend to be,
There's some small thing I'de have thee do for me.
Speak Evil of the way thou late wast in,
Belye them all, and charge them too with Sin;
Their faults lay open, let nought at all be hid,
Revile, Reproach, and Slander in my stead:
Shew how they differ, that they can't agree,
There's little Love, and want of Charity.
Of *Canaan* Land, raise thou an ill report,
To turn them back who are going for't:
One thing at present I would have thee do,
There is a Friend of mine which thou dost know,
Who hath a Son, which is indeed his Heir,
That to these foolish Notions doth adhere,
If he should visit thee, with speed do thou
Treat with the peevish Youth, I'll teach thee how
To controvert the cause, my place supply,
And do what I could not do formerly.

His

His forward Zeal will do my Kingdom wrong,
'Cauſe others alſo in that way do throng.
And you ſhall alſo ſome deriſion bear
Through his hot Zeal, if that you han't a care.

Vicinus.

The thoughts which *Satan* darts into his mind,
He cloſes with, and fully is inclin'd
His Counſel for to take, what e're become
Of his poor Soul at the great day of Doom.
An Atheiſt he's become in Heart and Life,
And hath abandon'd all his Chriſtian ſtrife.
He's ready now, and fit for any Evil,
An Inſtrument prepared for the Devil.
But ſince the Gentleman and he are met,
I will give way, and hearken how they treat
About this Youth, that has of late begun,
Reſolvedly to Heaven for to run.
You'll hear how this *Apoſtate* will engage
To turn him from his bleſſed Pilgrimage.

Apoſtate.

What? my old Friend *E. R.*! Sir, I am glad
To ſee you once again, yet I am ſad,
And grieved ſore, to ſee you look ſo ill;
What Evil, Sir, I pray, has you befel?
What is the cauſe of this your preſent Grief?
If I can give, or help you to relief,
Or comfort you i'th' leaſt; I willing am,
And will rejoyce, I alſo hither came.

Gent.

Ah Sir! my Son, my Heir, doth grieve my mind,
He, from whom I most comfort hop'd to find,
Contrariwise, will prove a Plague to me,
Unless he can with speed recover'd be.
He'll, be a Preacher I do think e're long,
He's such a Bookish fool, and so head-strong,
That I have little hopes he'll e're be good;
Here's cause of Grief, if rightly understood.
He is become such a vile Heretick,
That *Rome*'s good Churches, and the true *Catholick*
Most vilely, I perceive, he doth disdain,
And doth, forsooth, tell me he's born again.
I do beseech you, Sir, do what you can,
If you can't change his mind, there's not a Man,
I think, in truth, that ever prevail will:
O! arm your self, therefore, and try your skill,
If you can turn him from these ways, then I
Shall be ingag'd to you until I dye.
You were deceiv'd your self some time ago,
And therefore now more able are to show
The vanity of these devised ways,
And Bookish Fables of these silly days;
Having the Scripture in our Mother-Tongue
Has been the ruine of us all along:
For, since Men did our holy Church forsake,
And up new notions of Religion take,
Nought but confusion in the World we see,
And otherwise, in truth, 'twill never be,

Un-

Until their Books i'th' Fire all do burn,
And they unto the Ancient Church do turn.

Apostate.

I am, good Sir, of that opinion too,
And sorry am to hear what now you do
Relate to me, and will also in truth
Do what I can to turn that silly Youth;
For I can shew and make him understand
The danger that attends on ev'ry hand.
The hopes of unseen things will him deceive,
And Faith's but a meer fancy I believe:
That's the chief good which Man doth here enjoy,
And that's the Evil which doth him annoy,
Or doth deprive him of this Joy and Bliss,
None but Phanaticks will deny me this,
Who boast of that they never did possess;
They Lye alas, and are (in truth) no less
Than frantick Fools, for I could never see
Of what they speak, there's any certainty.
I will therefore endeavour, out of Love,
Your Son from these delusions to remove;
And since I do perceive he's near at hand,
I'll take my leave,

Your Servant to Command.

THE

THE

PROLOGUE.

ATtend, kind Friend, read with a serious Eye,
And thou shalt a sharp Conflict soon espy
Between a Man quite void of godly fear,
And a dear Youth, most holy and sincere.
The one affirms all godliness is vain,
The other counts it for the greatest gain.
Mark thou the end of both, and thou shalt see
What's best to chuse, Grace or Iniquity.

Apostate.

Well met, good Sir, from whence pray did you come?

Professor.

I am a Stranger, and am Trav'lling home.

Apostate.

Are you a Stranger in this Country?

Professor.

Yea, as were all our Fathers formerly.

Apostate.

But from whence came ye? Let's confer together.

Professor.

From *Egypt*, Sir, *Apost.* I am trav'lling thither.

Apostate.

What is your business, Sir, that thus in pain,
You strive against the Wind with might and main?
E're further you do go, sit down, account,
See whether that you run for, will surmount
The labour great, and loss you will sustain,
Before the Prize, in truth, ye do obtain.
What place is it to which you think to go,
That to advise you, I may fully know,
For good Instruction to you I'll afford,
When I this thing from you have plainly heard.

Professor.

I am for *Canaan*, that most Holy Land,
I'll Travel thither, as *GOD* doth command;
Whose worth and value I do know full well,
For Riches it doth far all things excel.
And though all things I lose e're I come there,
'Twill all my Losses I am sure repair.
The worth of that therefore for which I run,
I did account before I first begun.

Apostate.

Know you of certain, the place is so rare?
You may mistake, for you were never there.

Professor.

Ah Sir! of it I have a glorious sight,
Which doth my Soul transcendently delight;
Although in Person there I ne're have been,
Yet I most plain sweet *Canaan* oft have seen:
Besides, I lately spoke with a dear Friend,
Who did the other day from thence descend;
And unto me its Glory he did show,
Its precious worth from him I came to know;
Some of its Fruits also to me he gave,
Which makes me long till I possession have.

Apostate.

Is't not the fancy of thy crasie Head?
I have likewise of such a *Canaan* read;
It may be so, or so it may not be,
It ne're seem'd real truly unto me.
Who would for things which so uncertain are,
Such Losses suffer, and such Labour bear.
A Bird i'th' hand's worth two i'th' bush, ye know,
This Zeal (poor Lad) will work thy overthrow.

Professor.

You vainly Talk, and live by sight and sence,
I walk by Faith, which is the Evidence
Of things not seen; here with an outward Eye,
What thou see'st not, I clearly do espy.
'Tis not the fancy of a crasie Brain,
For *Moses*, that its glory he might gain,

All *Egypt*'s Treasures quickly did forego,
Was that the way unto his overthrow?
No, no, dear *Sir*, we saw it was the way
To Peace and Honour in another day:
The Glory real did his Soul behold,
To be so great, that never can be told:
If thou had'st drunk but of his glorious springs,
Thou would'st it prize above all earthly things,
If thou had'st tasted but of *Canaan*'s Honey,
Thou would'st esteem it more than bags of Money,
Although I make, alas, a poor Profession,
Yet I have now something in my Possession,
Lock'd up most safe in my refreshed Breast,
More rare than Pearls within a golden Chest.
True peace of *Conscience*, that through Grace I have,
Which passeth all Mens knowledge to conceive.
I would of it not be depriv'd again,
If that I might Ten Thousand Worlds obtain.

Apostate.

Tush, silly Fool, kick *Conscience* quite away,
Ne're mind his motions, nor what he doth say.
I stifl'd him, and that a good while since,
And took Revenge for his proud Insolence.
His gasping Groans I no ways did regard,
But let my Heart against him grow so hard,
That I do judge I have his business done:
He's dead in truth, and to dark silence gone;
That now I can without the least controul,
Have any Pleasures which delight my Soul.

Professor.

Ah Sir, go on, if that's the choice you make
I never will such cursed Counsel take:
Who-ever doth his *Conscience* so abuse,
Doth his dear Maker in like manner use;
And though in you poor *Conscience* now lies slain,
I'th' Judgment-day he will revive again,
And then against you his sad witness bear,
And in your face most ghastfully will stare.
You'll have the worst at last, I grieve to see
You hardned thus in your Iniquity.

Apostate.

My Sorrow's gone, but thine alas will double,
Concerning me, thy self do thou not trouble:
The storms and blust'ring Winds are over-past,
And very safe I am arrived at last,
In that same Port where Princes do delight
For to repose and harbour day and night.
Tos'd I have been upon the boisterous Seas,
And till of late ne're could find rest or ease.
But now I'm safely Landed, and with Good
Shall satiated be, whil'st thou art tos'd i'th' Flood.
Thou shalt poor youth with dreadful storms be hurl'd,
Whil'st I shall find a very quiet World.
All thy best days are gone, and plung'd thou'lt be
Into sad Gulfs of woful Misery.
Unless thou dost recant, and stop thy course,
Thou'lt see things with thee will grow *worse* and *worse*

Those Fools who do their nicer Conscience mind,
E're long they shall but little friendship find.

Youth.

Sir, Storms and Tempests, do, I know, attend,
Those who resolve poor Consciences to befriend;
Paul's Portion 'twas, who from his very Youth,
Had kept good Conscience, and obey'd the Truth.
He met with blust'ring Winds, was toss'd about,
Yet did bear up for *Canaan* most devout,
'Till he at last the glorious Voyage made,
Getting the Crown which ne're away shall fade.
All those who sail'd this way, have all along
Met with great Oppression and much wrong
From Pyrates, Spoylers, and Usurpers, who
Contrived have the Righteous to undo:
This terrifies me not, because that I
Know, 'tis the way to true Felicity.
The Gold and precious things the Merchant gains,
Do quit his Cost, and recompence his Pains.
The Riches which he brings at his return,
Makes him great dangers oftentimes to run.
So hopes of Joys, the which Cœlestial are,
Makes me no labour nor no cost to spare.
You are for present things, I further see;
You are for Earth, but Heaven is for me:
You are for Pleasures, and for Bags of Gold,
I am for that which *Moses* did behold.
You are for Ease, whatever it doth cost,
And Honours here, though Soul for it be lost.

Who

Who makes the wisest choice, let them declare,
Let Death and Judgment shew who Wise Men are,
My purpose I'll pursue, what e're I meet,
My Portion's great, my Peace no Counterfeit.
Heaven is my Port, there's such a place I am sure,
Nought shall entice me, nor my Soul allure
To loose my hold, I'll keep firm in my station,
Though in my way I meet with Tribulation.
Yet I most safe shall there at last arrive,
No Men nor Devils ever shall deprive
My Soul of that Eternal dwelling place,
Such confidence I have obtain'd through Grace!

Apostate.

If I should grant things which so doubtful are,
That there's a *Canaan*, or a Heaven, where
Sweet Joys abound, beyond what's here below,
Yet hard it is for any Man to know
The ready way unto that seeming place.
Consider this, O 'tis a weighty case!
For there so many ways and voices be,
How thou should'st find the right I do not see.
Thou art a stranger too, thou told'st me plain,
Come, come, Young-man, turn with me back again.

Youth.

Nothing (dear Sir) more certain is than this,
That there's a Heaven and eternal Bliss.
The Heathens could, by Natures light, espy
Man's chiefest good or best Felicity,

Muſt needs excel the high'ſt enjoyments here,
And ſhall this doubtful unto thoſe appear,
Who have *God*'s works moſt dreadfully made known,
Yea, and his Word, which very few or none,
Who live in any Land, the like have had;
Shall ſuch turn Atheiſts, this is very ſad.
Is not *Jehovah* every where made known,
By fearful Judgments, which are daily ſhown?
And why, think you, I can't the true way find,
Seeing *Jeſus* has in Writing left his Mind
In plain Characters, which, whil'ſt I obſerve,
I from the Truth am ſure no ways to ſwerve:
He came from thence himſelf the other day,
And gave directions how to find the way.
This Writing's firm, 'tis ſigned with his Blood,
That the old Dragon, with his mighty flood
Of Superſtition, and Perſecuting Fire,
Could not it ſpoil, nor gain his curſt deſire.
The Holy Scripture *God* to us hath given,
To guide our Souls in the right way to Heaven.
Though *Satan* has made oppoſition ſtrong,
Yet ſtill we have it in our Mother-Tongue.
And by this means, moſt plain I come to know,
The very foot-ſteps where the Flock did go.

apoſtate.

Though you of Scripture ſeem to make your boaſt,
Your hopes of this will ſuddenly be loſt.
For you much longer it an't like to have,
Your Souls and others thus for to deceive.

For

For Holy Church once more will quite deſtroy
This *Engliſh* God, which they ſeem to enjoy.
Thou art unlearn'd, the Scriptures doth not know,
But wreſteth them unto thy overthrow.

Youth.

They are unlearn'd, whom *God* hath never taught,
But have in *Popiſh* darkneſs up been brought.
They are unlearn'd, who never had the Spirit,
Who think they can by works of Salvation merit.
They are unlearn'd, who fooliſhly deny
The Spirit's Teachings and Authority
For to excel all humane Arts and Science,
And on Man's teaching wholly have reliance.
They are unlearn'd, or very poorly read,
That teach, *Chriſt Jeſus* is a piece of Bread,
Which Rats and Mice may Eat, and vomit up,
And do deny the Laiety the Cup.
For thoſe, for whom *Chriſt* did his Body break,
He of the Cup did bid them all partake.
They are unlearn'd, who think that Purgatory,
Can be ought elſe than a meer fained Story.
They are unlearn'd, whoſe doctrine doth declare
The Church Two Heads doth on its Shoulders bear:
That Woman which hath any Husbands more
Than only one, is a notorious Whore.
That man's unlearn'd, who learned never hath
The A B C of the true Chriſtian Faith.
That Man I grant is wholly yet unlearn'd,
Who never knew himſelf, nor yet diſcern'd

The curſed nature of his hainous Sin,
Nor what Eſtate by Nature he is in.
That Man's unlearn'd, who never went to School,
To learn for *Chriſt*, how to become a Fool.
That man's unlearn'd, yea, and a very Sot,
Who hath his Soul, and *Jeſus Chriſt* forgot;
And doth eſteem Earths empty Vanity,
Above that good which Saints in *GOD* eſpy.
I am unlearn'd, and yet have learned how
To crucifie the Fleſh, yea, and to bow
To *Jeſus Chriſt*, and for his precious ſake,
His Yoke and burden willingly to take,
And follow him where-ever he doth go,
And him alone determine for to know.
Who for my ſake, upon the Croſs did die,
Him I have learn'd alone to magnifie;
And to exalt him as he's Prieſt and King,
And as my Prophet too in every thing.
And this, through Grace, I learned have of late
To be content, what-ever be my ſtate.
Some things, I muſt confeſs, I ne're could learn,
Nor any ways perceive, ſee, or diſcern:
I never read of *Peter's* Tripple Crown,
Nor that he ever wore a *Popiſh* Gown.
I never learn'd that he did *Pope* become,
Or Rule o're Kings, like to the Beaſt at *Rome*.
I never learn'd that he kept Concubins,
Or ever power had to pardon Sins,
I never learn'd he granted Diſpentations,
To Poyſon Kings, or Rulers of thoſe Nations.

Who

Who were Prophane, and turned Hereticks;
Or did refuse the Faith of Catholicks.
I never learn'd he was the Churches Head,
Or did forget the Clergy for to wed.
I never read that he had Chests of Gold,
Or that great benefits by him were Sold.
I never read he's call'd his Holiness,
Yet had as much as any Pope I guess.
I never learn'd *Peter* did magnifie
Himself above all Gods, or *GOD* on high.
Or that upon the Neck of Kings he trod,
Or ever he in Cloath of Gold was clad.
I never read that he made Laws to Burn
Such as were Hereticks, or would not turn
To *Jesus Christ*, much less to Murther those
Who did, in truth, Idolatry oppose.
I never learn'd, nor could unto this day,
That th' Pope and *Peter* walk'd both in one way:
Yea, or that they in any thing accord,
Save only in denying of the Lord.
In that they also greatly differ do,
Of which I think to give a hint or two,
Peter deny'd him, yet did love him dear,
The Pope denies him, and doth hatred bear
To him, and to all those that do him love,
Who bear his Image, and are from above.
Peter deny'd him, and did weep amain;
The Pope denies him with the great'st disdain.
Peter deny'd him, yet for him did die,
The Pope in malice him doth Crucifie.

Peter

Peter deny'd him thrice, and then repented;
The Pope a thousand times, but ne're relented.
Peter and *John* no mighty Scholars were,
Yet few for knowledge might with them compare.
Poor Fisher-men do find the way to Heaven,
When Scholars go astray, who Arts have Seven.
The Learned School-men put our Lord to Death,
And very few of such *Christ* called hath.
But poor despised Persons he doth call,
And passeth by the high flown Cardinal.
For humane Learning, and such kind of Preaching,
Is nothing to the blessed Spirit's Teaching.
I Learning like, and grant that Men may use it,
Yet would I not have them for to abuse it,

Apostate.

Leave off these canting strains, and don't deride
Our Holy Father, for I can't abide
To hear such prating Fools. Are you so wise?
Dare you the Holy Mother Church despise?
'Tis that Religion I like best of all,
The Pope I do adore and Cardinal.
There's Pomp and Riches, and a worldly Glory,
What you talk of, is an unpleasant Story;
There's pleasure, profit, safety, and much ease,
Which doth the Flesh as well as Spirit please.
Here's *Heaven* & *Earth*, what canst thou more desire,
Or of thy *GOD* or any Man require?
Thy way th'hast lost, and *Canaan* wilt not see,
Therefore with speed turn back with me.

Profeſſor.

Could I no other reaſon give, or urge
To prove *Rome*'s Church untrue, I can't but judge
This which you ſpeak, doth plainly it declare,
For in *Chriſt*'s Church no ſuch vain pomps appear;
No worldly Glory doth *Chriſt*'s Church adorn,
For ſhe's afflicted, much deſpis'd and torn;
Her Beauty can't with outward Eyes be ſeen,
Her Beauty and her Glory are within.
When *John* ſets forth the Antichriſtian ſtate,
Much outward pomp 'tis true he doth relate.
The *Whore* is deckt with *Gold*, brave *Stones* and *Pearl*,
Who at poor *Sion* doth with envy ſnarl.
No liberty to th' Fleſh the Lord doth give,
Saints muſt alone after the Spirit live.
No ſerving *GOD* and Mammon, *Sir*, 'tis plain,
To Hell ye go, except you're born again.
If you'll be *Chriſt*'s, with ſpeed then turn you muſt,
To crucifie the Fleſh with all its Luſt.
No cauſe have I to fear, to go aſtray,
Whil'ſt I walk daily in the narrow way.
All thoſe who do *GOD*'s Holy Word contemn,
No Light nor Truth is there at all in them,
Their Feet on the dark Mountains ſoon will fall,
And utter ruine will o're-take them all.
But as for me no cauſe have I to doubt,
But I ſhall find this bleſſed *Canaan* out.
To turn to *Egypt* with you back again,
The thoughts of it my Soul doth much diſdain.

Do'ſt think I'll leave my *Quails* and *Manna* rare,
For ſtinking *Garlick*, and baſe *Onyons* there?

Apoſtate.

For all your Courage, *Sir*, I do ſuppoſe
You will repent, that ever you have choſe
To leave the comforts of a precious World,
And with ſound Zeal thus blindly to be hurl'd.
You are a Man that might advanced be
Unto great Honour, State, and Dignity.
Your Father's Maſter of a good Eſtate,
And you too are his Heir, I hear of late:
But if you don't this new Religion leave,
One Groat of him you are not like to have.

Profeſſor.

This World, in a juſt balance, oft I try,
And find it lighter far than Vanity.
Riches alas! they are but Bags of Cares,
And Honours nought ſave fool-bewitching ſnares.
Your outward Joy will turned be to Sadneſs,
Your Pleaſure into Pain, your Wiſdom's Madneſs.
You catch at nothing, 'tis at beſt a bubble,
Which long you cannot keep, although you double
Your diligence, and think to hold it faſt,
'Twill fly with ſpeed, 'tis but an empty blaſt.
What frantick fit is this? Will you deſtroy
Your higher hopes for ſuch a fancy'd joy?
This world's juſt like th'ſtrumpet of whom I've read,
Who with ſweet Fumes inticeth to her Bed.

With

With amorous glances promises a Bliss,
And hides destruction with a feigned Kiss:
She has her Tricks, and her ensnaring Wiles,
But lodges Death under deceitful Smiles.
She flings the Soul she hates, yea, and does prove
A very *Judas* where she fains to love.
Take heed therefore, lest you be catch'd i'th' snare,
And buy your late Repentance much too dear.
These comforts here, which you do precious call,
Each wise Man sees they'r vain, and fleeting all.
To think I should repent, no cause is there,
If things by you rightly consider'd were.
What *Moses* chose of old, the same do I,
All vain allurements I do quite defie.
I knew when first my Journey I did take,
I must my Father's House learn to forsake,
What-ever I exposed am unto,
In *Abraham*'s steps I am resolv'd to go;
What e're I lose, *Christ* will mak't up to me,
When I of *Canaan* shall possessed be.
I seek no Honour here from any one,
True Honour comes, dear *Sir*, from *GOD* alone.
To be an Heir unto a great Estate,
Or Son unto some Potentate,
Is nought to what by Grace I am born to:
My Portion's great, I know not how to show
I'm Heir unto the mighty King of Heaven,
To me, e're long, sweet *Canaan* will be given.
I do resolve to hold out to the end,
Although I han't one Groat, nor Earthly Friend

To

To favour me: I never will return
Until this glorious *Canaan* I have wone.

Apostate.

What ground have you (my friend) for to believe
If you forsake all things, you shall receive
This Land you speak of, for your Possession?
Unto your Heart 'tis good to put this question.
For divers do unto great things lay claim,
Yet sometimes I see, and sure I am,
Unto such Lands can no good Title shew,
Although they strive for them as you may do.
If you should sell what e're you have for this,
And yet at last should also of it miss,
You'll see your self at length then quite undone.
Consider of't and back with me return:
For no good Title of it can be had,
'Twas this, alas, which once did make me sad,
To save my own, I thought 'twas best for me,
Unless of this I could assured be.

Professor.

Don't think you shall my zeal from Heaven cool,
Nor my dear Soul with fancies thus befool.
Rouse up my Soul, now in thy own defence,
And shew thy clear and precious evidence.
Can any thing be plainer here on Earth,
'Twas purchas'd for me by *Christ Jesus*'s Death;
The Father doth this Kingdom own, and he
For his own Child hath late adopted me.

And if a Child, I also am an Heir,
And shall with *Jesus* this like Glory share.

Apostate.

How do you know you be this Child? in this
You may mistake, and so may *Canaan* miss.

Professor.

My late Conversion doth most plainly prove,
My inward Birth is truly from above.
The *Truth* and *Conscience* both agree in one,
I am, through Grace, no Bastard, but a Son.
Those whom *GOD* doth by his own Spirit lead,
They are his Sons, you in the Scripture read.
Besides all this, since I did first believe,
An earnest of this Land I did receive.
And divers Promises also there be,
Which bind it firmly over unto me.
Is not my Title unto Heaven good,
When sign'd and seal'd to me by *Christ* his Blood?
You see by these I have a certain ground,
And good assurance for *GOD*'s Kingdom found.
But you, as it appears, do quite despair,
Without all hopes of ever coming there.

Apostate.

Nay, stay a little, don't affirm that neither,
Why may not I, as soon as you, come thither,
Though in that way, in which I late did walk,
I was deceiv'd, with many other Folk;

And thought that Heaven was entail'd to those,
Which did the Pope, and Church of *Rome* oppose.
Thinking a Man a separate must be
From that same Church, or else could never see,
Find, nor enjoy Eternal Peace and Rest;
And therefore I, like others, did protest
Against that Ancient Mother Church, whom now
I am resolv'd to own, yea, and to bow
Down unto her, with all humble subjection,
Thinking 'tis best for safety and protection;
Resolving never more to vex my mind
As I have done, for I shall sooner find
In this smooth way assurance for Salvation,
Than if I had kept in my former Station.
Hopes I may have, no certain ground I know
The Church affirms we can attain unto;
But Promises most clear are made to those
Who seek for the Old way, and with it close.
And that *Romes* Church can plead Antiquity,
No *Protestant* I'm sure can it deny:
Yea, and must grant, what-ever's their Profession,
That none, save *Rome*, can prove their true succession
From those brave Churches which first planted were
By the Apostles, as their Acts declare:
And therefore, Youth, you must no longer boast
Of Faith and Confidence, for you have lost
Your way to Heaven; and must therefore look
Unto that Church which long has been forsook,
From the true Church to rend and schismatize,
Is a sad thing, though many it despise.

For

For though Corruption in the Church there be,
Yet all should walk in Uniformity.

Professor.

Sir, I deny your Churches constitution,
Which makes me loath you, and for your pollution,
Corruption, and vile spots, they are so bad,
No Church of *Christ* the like hath ever had,
Which I resolve fully to make appear
Before I'll leave you, if you're pleas'd to hear.

Apostate.

Romes Church was rightly gathered, that's most clear
Saint *Paul* himself to this doth Witness bear.
Faith and Repentance truly did they own,
And were Baptized in due form 'tis known;
No Church in Constitution right has been,
If that our Church i'th' least doth fall herein.

Professor.

Romes Church I grant was true i'th' Apostles days,
But yours from that doth differ many ways.
Romes Church was very famous heretofore,
But is become the Scarlet-colour'd Whore.
From the true Faith she hath departed quite,
And the true Church was forc'd to take her flight
Into the dark and howling Wilderness,
Where she lay hid in sore and great distress

From the vile Beast, and Dragons furious rage,
And so remain'd until this latter Age.
If *Romes* Church now were like unto the old,
Then with the *Romanists* we all would hold;
But when she is become *Christ's* Enemy,
GOD out of Babylon doth bid us fly.
If you can prove *Romes* Church hath not declin'd
From that Church-State by *Paul* himself defin'd,
Then you will undertake for to do more
Than any *Papist* ever did before.
The *Jewish* Church *GOD* once did own and love,
But for their Sins he did them quite remove
Out of his sight, they'r broken for their sin,
With other Churches, which have famous bin.
And yet do keep some outward form and show
Of Worship and Church-state, as *Rome* may do,
Who has in Truth nought left save a bare Name,
As hath been clearly prov'd by Men of Fame.
If you should bring your Visibility,
To prove your Church is true; I do reply,
A better Argument I need not bring
To prove yours false, than that same very thing.
For the true Church was hid, did not appear
A thousand two hundred and sixty year.
And then whereas you in the second place
Mention Antiquity, 'tis a clear case,
Your Church is under Age, yea much too young,
Out of th'Apostacy alas she sprung.
A Bastard Church, Base-born, meer National,
And therefore that's for you no proof at all.

The fleshy seed i'th' Church must not be brought,
John Baptist and our Saviour both so Taught.
Christ's Church is gather'd by Regeneration,
And not as 'twas i'th' former dispensation.
You in a lineal way do go about,
To take in those whom *Jesus* hath shut out;
The Axe is now laid to the Root o'th' Tree,
And ev'ry one a true Penitent must be,
And must obtain of *GOD* true saving grace,
Who in his Holy Church would have a place.
Your Church is not so gather'd, therefore I
Deny your Church and its Antiquity;
That Church which is upheld by th'carnal Sword,
And not by th' power of *GOD*'s holy Word,
Is very false, and that *Romes* Church is so,
Not a few worthy Authors plainly show.
And whereas she much boasts of Holiness,
No People doubtless in the World have less;
For *Rome*, like to a stinking Common-shore,
Receives what ev'ry one casts forth o'th' door.
She's like a Cage of ev'ry hateful Bird,
As is Recorded in *GOD*'s sacred Word.
The Counsel which an Ancient Author gave,
Let ev'ry Soul with special care receive;
He that would holy live, from Rome *be packing,*
There's all things else, but Godliness is lacking.
She also doth Doctrines of Devils hold,
According as th' Apostle hath foretold.
In charging People to abstain from Meat,
Which *GOD* alloweth us freely to Eat.

And in denying Perſons for to Wed,
Though *GOD* allows the undefiled Bed.
By means of theſe moſt curſed Prohibitions
Your Clergy ſtinks alive with groſs pollutions.
And many of your filthy Popes of *Rome*
Have *Sodomites* and *Buggerers* become;
Whoredom and Inceſt they have minc'd ſo ſmall,
As ſcarce to count them any Sins at all.
Moſt curſed *Stews* allowed are by them,
Whom none i'th' *Popedom* dare i'th' leaſt condemn.
Vile *Necromancers* many of them were,
Haters of *GOD*, no ſin (in truth) is there,
But ſome o'th' *Popes* of it have guilty been,
As may upon Record be clearly ſeen.
Is this your Holy Head and Reverend Father,
Next unto *Chriſt* ſupream? Is he not rather
A Devil Incarnate; the worſt of Mankind,
Who can in Hell a viler Sinner find?
Is *Rome Chriſts* Church, *Chriſts* Spouſe, his only Love,
His undefiled one, and ſpotleſs Dove?
Sir, don't miſtake, ſhe is that *Scarlet Whore*,
Whom *John* Characterized heretofore,
Which I ſhall full evince, and make appear,
If you with patience will but lend an Ear.

Apoſtate.

I find you in reproaches free enough,
But ſhall expect you ſo too in your proof.
Thoſe common Epithets of *Beaſt* and *Whore*,
Are daily flung at every bodies door.

But

But for to warrant your ſeverer doom,
Prove that they properly belong to *Rome*.

Profeſſor.

That truth *GOD*'s ſacred Word doth well explain,
That City which o're Kings of th' Earth did Reign,
Was that ſame *Whore*, the Spirit clear doth ſhow,
And that *Rome* was that City, all Men know,
Who then above all others bore the ſway,
'Twas *Rome* the Nations fear'd and did obey.
And ſtill you *Papiſts* to her Biſhop give
Headſhip o're all who on the Earth do live:
Before him Kings and Emperors muſt ſubmit,
That ſo he may the mighty Monarch fit.
Whil'ſt abſolute pow'r he claims, and Soveraignty
Above all Princes, by his Tyranny.
From whence all Perſons may conclude it true,
By their firſt Mark, the Title is his due.
The ſecond Character of *Babylon*,
Is *Pomp and State, wherein ſhe proudly ſhone.*
That *Rome* has been a Rich Gay coſtly Whore,
England once found, I wiſh ſhe may no more.
Infinite Sums almoſt ſhe ſqueez'd from hence,
For *Pardons, Obits, Annates, Peter-Pence.*
And through each Land where ſhe her Triumphs led
Whole ſwarms of *Locuſts, Prieſts* and *Fryars* were
Theſe (as the *Janezaries* to the *Turk*) (ſpread.
Were faithful Slaves ſtill to promote her work.
Whil'ſt to maintain thoſe Drones, ſhe ſwept away
The Fat and Wealth of Nations for their Prey.

In the third place, *she doth Mens Souls enslave*,
This Mark in *Rome* most evidently we have,
With dangerous Vows, unwarranted Traditions;
Implicit Faith, and thousand Superstitions,
Pretended Miracles, apparent Lies,
Damnable Errors, and fond Fopperies;
She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,
Boasts all her Dictates are Infallible:
And then (to fill her measure) i'th' last place,
'Tis said she would *GOD*'s precious *Sion* race.
This can of none but *Rome* be understood,
That drunken Whore, who reels in Martyrs blood;
As I more largely now shall make appear,
And then with patience your excuses hear.
Within the compass of six Thousand years,
Has been presented to the Eyes and Ears
Of future Ages, the most sad contents
Of bloody Tragedies, the dire events
Of dreadful Wars, in sev'ral Generations,
The overthrow of many fruitful Nations:
But all comes short of *Romes* most bloody Bill,
Which doth the Earth with Sanguine volumes fill.
Jerusalem that City of Renown,
Sack't by *Vespasian*, burnt and broken down;
It was indeed a dreadful desolation,
And so have Conquerors dealt with many a Nation;
All Conqu'rors ever found a time to cease, (peace.
When once they'd Conquered, then they were at
They Murder'd not, but such as would not yield
To own them for their Lords: and in the field,

They

They ſlew them too with weapons in their hand
For their defence, and always ready ſtand
To give Quarter to thoſe that it demand.
But this vile Strumpets Blood-bedabbled hands
Finds not a period, never countermands
Her cruel rage, her Murders know no end,
She Slaughters when ſhe pity doth pretend:
Years terminate not her Blood-thirſty acts,
She Slays without examining their Facts.
In times of Peace, her Treach'rous hands, have ſhed
Blood without meaſure: She hath Murthered
By curſed Maſſacres, her Neighbours, when
They thought themſelves the moſt ſecure of Men:
One might fill Volumes with her bloody Story,
In which ſhe ſtill perſiſts; makes it her glory
T'invent ſtrange Torments, to deprive the breath
Of Chriſtians, by a tedious ling'ring Death.
The brutiſh *Nero*, firſt of Tyrant Kings,
From whoſe baſe Root nine other Tyrants ſprings,
Whoſe moſt inhumane Acts, not to their glory,
Did leave the World a lamentable ſtory;
And to their laſting and Eternal ſhame,
Did purchaſe to themſelves that hateful Name
Of Bloody Monſters in the ſhape of Men,
Whoſe cruel acts deſerve an Iron Pen,
That might perpetuate to after-times,
Theſe Heathens cruelty; Record the Crimes
For which thoſe Chriſtians willingly laid down
Their Earthly Houſes for a Heavenly Crown.
Reflect a while, Sir, and but caſt an Eye,
Firſt on thoſe Heathen Emp'rors cruelty. Then

Then view the bloody Papists, and compare
Their Cruelties together, and as far
As *Egypts* Darkness did exceed our Night,
Or Midnight differs from the Morning-light,
So far the *Papists* cruelty does exceed
The worst of Heathen Tyrants, and indeed
The worst of Tyrants since the World began,
Or since dissention fell 'twixt Man and Man.
If *Cyprian*'s and *Eusebius*'s words be true,
These persecuting Emp'rours yearly slew
Millions of Souls, shedding their guiltless Blood,
Which ran like Waters from a mighty Flood.
So void their Hearts were of all humane pity,
They spar'd no Age, nor Sex, nor Town, nor City.
The things wherein these Christians did offend,
Were only this, they did refuse to bend
Their Heaven devoted Knees, or fall before
Those Idol Gods these Emp'rours did adore.
They did believe one *GOD* created all,
They did believe in *Christ*, and down did fall
Prostrate upon the Earth, and daily bring
Sacrifice only to that Heavenly King.
Their Emperors Gods these Christians did deride,
This was the cause so many Millions dy'd.
These Emperors thinking themselves engag'd
Their Idols to revenge, grew more enrag'd,
To see the Christians boldly to despise
Their Gods, and honour *Christ* before their Eyes:
They did conclude the nature of th' offence
Deserv'd no less than Death for recompence.

Thus

Thus may we plainly ſee a reaſon why
Theſe Heathen Emp'rors us'd ſuch cruelty.
'Twas not becauſe they worſhipt not aright,
But worſhipt not at all, nay, did deſpight
Unto thoſe Idols which they Gods did call,
Affirming that they were no Gods at all;
An act not to be bourn by Fleſh and Blood,
To have the Edicts of their Gods withſtood.
Yet in the mid'ſt of all thoſe Tyrants rage,
Serious advice a little would aſſwage
Their helliſh fury, and for ſome time ceaſe,
And give the Chriſtians a breathing ſpace.
And when as thoſe Ten Emperours ceas'd to be,
Then terminated all their Cruelty.
Three hundred years accompliſht their fierce wrath,
And then the Heathens own'd the Chriſtian Faith.
And now their Emp'rours do as much adore
The God of Heaven and Earth, as they before
Had done their Idols; and zealous for the Church,
Give great Donations, make their Biſhops rich.
And now proud *Rome*, ſince *Conſtantine* the Great,
Thou by degrees haſt taken up thy Seat,
Puft up with Riches, ſwoln with filthy Pride,
From Gods pure Laws haſt quickly turn'd aſide.
And now ſuch Biſhops only doſt thou chuſe,
As *GOD* doth hate, and utterly refuſe;
Proud, ſenſual, and void of th' Holy Spirit,
Such as the Lord hath ſaid ſhall not inherit
Eternal Glory; ſuch thy Biſhops be,
Who ſhould be fill'd with truth and purity.

Shining

Shining like lights before the Flock, that they
The better might diſcern the perfect way.
But now inſtead of ſuch as theſe, behold
They are preſumpt'ous, proud, imperious, bold;
Changing the worſhip that the Lord makes known,
And in its ſtead will introduce their own.
Yea, ſo preſumptuous are they in their pride,
As to affirm, God's Holy Word's no guide
For Men to Walk by; the only Rule that they
Do counſel Men, nay, for them to obey,
Is their Traditions, which they affirm to be
Far more Authentick than our Lord's decree;
Within his Holy Word, he us hath given
For a ſure Light, to guide our ſteps to Heaven.
And now theſe Chriſtians, whoſe moſt tender heart
Dares not believe them, fearing to depart
From God's directions, which in his bleſs'd Word
He hath ſo plainly left upon Record:
Theſe are the Men this wicked Strumpet hath
So often made the objects of her Wrath;
Making the Earth to Drink the guiltleſs Blood
Of ſuch as for God's Holy Word have ſtood.
Oh! Let the Blood-drunk Earth ne're ceaſe to cry
Unto the Heaven enthroned Majeſty,
'Till God take Vengeance as he did of *Cain*,
For all the Righteous *Abels* ſhe hath Slain.
Not for denying, but honouring the Lord,
Yea, for believing that his Sacred Word
Is the moſt perfect, and the trueſt guide,
The Rule by which all Doctrines ſhould be try'd.

Our

Our Bleſſed Lord bids ſearch them, for ſaith he,
They are the words that teſtifie of me.
Lo here's the cauſe, behold the reaſon why
The Whore has acted ſo much cruelty;
Inhumane Murthers doth this Whore invent,
Whereby ſhe daily ſlays the Innocent.
The Numbers ſhe hath Murder'd, do ſurmount
The ſtricteſt of Arithmeticks Account.
What Country hath not taſted of the Cup,
That her moſt Bloody hands have filled up:
How hath ſhe ſtir'd up Nations to engage
Againſt each other, to ſatisfie her rage?
Where Millions have been brought unto the Duſt,
Only to ſatisfie the Strumpets Luſt:
That ſhe the better might Ingroſs the Power
Of Hell into her hands, and ſo devour
At her Blood-thirſty pleaſure, ſuch as ſhe,
Could not perſwade to love Idolatry.
Perfidious *France*, whoſe moſt Inhumane wrath,
Paſſing the limits of a Chriſtian Faith.
Within the ſpace of Eight and Twenty days,
Thy bloody Hands, moſt treacherouſly betrays
Ten thouſand Souls, and to that Bloody ſcore,
Adds quickly after Twenty Thouſand more.
How many Murders more that Popiſh Nation
Have done, the *Romiſh* Hiſtories make Relation;
And yet from Cruelty, *Rome* hath not ceas'd,
But as her Years, her Murders have increas'd:
And Sworn to bigger numbers in leſs ſpace,
As *Bellarmine* affirmeth to her Face;

Who

Who thus atteſts, that from the Morning light
Until the Sable Curtains of the Night
Were cloſely drawn, her bloody hands did ſlay
A hundred thouſand Souls; O! let that day
In Characters of Blood recorded be,
That may remain unto Eternity.
O! let the Earth that drinketh in the Rain,
That did receive the Blood of all the Slain;
Let both the Heavens and the Earth implore
The *GOD* of Heaven to confound the Whore.
O poor *Bohemia!* thou haſt had a taſte,
When wicked *Julian* laid thy Country waſte.
Burning thy Towns and Villages with Fire,
Sparing not Young, nor Old, nor Son, nor Sire,
What multitudes unnumb'red were thy ſlain,
Which in the Field unburied did remain!
Thou found'ſt the Woolviſh Popes in every Age
Contrive thy Ruine, many times engage
Thy Neighbour Nations to ſhed forth thy Blood,
Only becauſe faithful *Bohemia* ſtood
For *God*'s pure Worſhip, *Martin* the ſixth excites
Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Barons, Earls and Knights,
With one conſent, to fall upon that Nation,
On no leſs terms than on their own Salvation;
Promiſing alſo upon that condition,
To give a full and abſolute remiſſion
Unto the vileſt Sinner that e're ſtood
Upon the Earth, that would but ſhed the Blood
Though but of one *Bohemian*; O rage!
Not to be parallel'd in any Age;

Except

Except that Monſter, who did ſore Rebuke
The Over-charitable *Popiſh* Duke
Of *D'Alva*; and would you know his Crime,
It was becauſe that he in ſix years time,
Through too much lenity, caus'd not the Earth
To drink more Chriſtian Blood than Iſſued forth
From eighteen thouſand Souls, for this the Duke
Was thought, by Papiſts, worthy of Rebuke.
Is eighteen thouſand in ſix years ſo few,
In the account of your blood-thirſty Crew,
Inhumanly to Murther? yea, indeed,
Becauſe their former numbers did exceed.
But if the Duke of *Alva*'s bloody Bill
Came ſhort in number, yet his hand did fill
It up with Torments, ſo dreadful to rehearſe,
As that the very thoughts thereof would pierce
A Marble-heart, make Infidels relent,
Torments that none but Devils could Invent.
But if all this was over little ſtill,
His Predeceſſors added to the Bill;
For from the time that Helliſh Inquiſition
Did from the Devil firſt receive Commiſſion;
As well approv'd Hiſtory doth relate,
Till thirty years expired had their date,
By cruel Torments which they ſtill retain,
Was an hundred and fifty thouſand ſlain;
And yet before they took away their Breath,
They for ſome time did make each day a death.
Depriving them, as far as in them lay,
Of all the comfort that either night or day

Affords

Affords Mankind; for then there was not found
So much Sun-light as to behold the ground
On which they ſtood: Each day that giveth light,
Was unto them like *Egypts* darkeſt Night;
In Helliſh Darkneſs thus they made them ſpend
Their weary hours, and kindly in the end
Deſtroyed them: the Company they had
Within thoſe darkſome Caverns, was their ſad
And melancholy thoughts, their ſighs and groans,
Their doleful Lodgings was upon the Stones.
If noyſome Creatures bred and foſtred there,
Theſe noyſome Creatures their companions were.
What Food they Eat was only to ſecure
Their Souls alive, that ſo they might endure
The ſeveral Torments that they did provide,
And ſo an hundred and fifty thouſand dy'd,
Beſide what dy'd by Perſecuting hands,
Within the Popes Confines in ſeveral Lands.
Thus may I ſooner ſpend my ſtrength and tears
And tire (if you regard) your Eyes and Ears,
Than give a full and abſolute relation,
Of all the Acts of *Romes* abomination.
Oh! may my native Country rather hear
Their bloody Acts, than in the leaſt part bear
Her burthen, or behold her Murd'ring hand
Once more ſpread through the confines of our land
But I perceive theſe truths are dully heard,
And that you little my diſcourſe regard.

Apoſtate

Apostate.

Yes, yes, I hear and smile, what Tragedies
You make of lawful just severities.
The Martys you applaud, were Rebels too,
And still against Authority would go,
If then they suffer'd, who (pray) is to blame?

Professor.

That I have shewn already to their shame.
And I would have my Countrymen to take
Another taste, that may preserve awake
Their drousie Souls, who take a dying Nap,
Much like deluded *Sampson* on the Lap
Of lustful *Dalila*, whose treacherous Breath
Sends forth the Messenger of *Sampson*'s Death:
Let not the Strumpets Sugar'd words perswade
Thee to give credit t'her, it has been her Trade
To promise fairest, when she doth intend
To deal falsest, she doth betray her friend
Like wicked *Cain*, first of that sinful Race,
That Slew his Brother smiling in his Face.
From the first time that e're the Hellish Rage
Of Jesuits appeared on the Stage,
To Act their parts in *England*, *France*, and *Spain*,
And *Italy*, her Bloody hands hath Slain
Nine-Hundred Thousand Souls, or thereabouts,
E're many years had run their hours out.
Of the *Americans*, by Popish *Spain*,
In Fifty Years, was Fifteen Millions Slain.

The poor Religious *Waldenſes*, whoſe Eye,
Like the quick-ſighted *Vulture*, did eſpy
Rome's filthy Whoredoms, and freely diſclaim
Her vile Idolatry, and hate the ſame; (Cup,
Drunk dreadful draughts of *Rome*'s moſt Bloody
Which ſhe with Hell-bred fury poured up;
And for no other cauſe, her Bloody hands
She did ſtretch forth; with Hell inraged bands
Being ſent abroad, forth-with to put to Death
Both young and old, each man that draweth breath;
And yet, as if ſhe had not been content
To Murder Parents, with their Innocent
And harmleſs Bades, as if their Helliſh Breath
Had now been ſpent, with putting Souls to Death:
Fourſcore ſweet Babes, that never did offend,
Famiſh'd to Death, their harmleſs lives did end.
Search, ſearch into the deep Abyſs of Hell,
And ſee if all the Devils can parallel
So vile an Act! O moſt Imperious Treaſon
Againſt the King of Kings, and Law of reaſon!
Are Papiſt Chriſtians, and are theſe their Acts,
To puniſh ſuch as ne're committed Facts?
Are thoſe right actings, fitting Goſpel times,
To lay on Babes the weight of higheſt Crimes?
Did Chriſt do thus, or hath he ever giv'n
Them leave to deal ſo with the Heirs of Heav'n?
Thoſe Murd'red Souls under the Altar lye,
Crying, how long Eternal Majeſty,
How long wil't be e're thou avenge thy Saints,
And lend thine Ear unto their ſad complaints!

Theſ

These *Waldenses* being overcome and Dead,
A little Remnant that escaped fled;
Taught by Dame Nature's Moral Law, to save
Their much desired Lives, within a Cave
Did hide themselves, hoping at last, that they
Taking advantage of another day,
When Golden *Titan* had laid down his Head
Upon the Pillows of his *Western*-Bed,
And *Proserpina*, Lady of the Night,
Had drawn her Sable Curtains, then they might
Transport themselves into some other Land,
And so escape out of the Hunters hand.
But as the *Hound* hunts the wearied *Hart*,
Doth ply their steps, and never will depart
The Fields and Meadows, or the silent Wood,
Till they surprize the Beast; even so these Blood-
Devouring Monsters, having found the Cave,
Most Barb'rously did make that place their Grave,
Wherein four Hundred yielding up their Breath,
Were in a barb'rous manner choak'd to Death.
No Nation in the World hath ever seen
A Foe so dreadful, as the Whore hath been.
It is far better to be overcome,
By *Turk* or *Heathen*, than by Christian *Rome*.
What part of *Europe* now can make their boast,
And say they have not tasted to their cost
Of *Romish* Mercy? some are yet alive,
Whose Parents felt the Death she did contrive.
O *Germany*! thy poor distress'd Estate
Will speak to future Ages, and relate

Whole Volumes of her Bloody Murders, and
The Murder'd Souls of bleeding *Ireland*,
Cry night and day for Vengeance, and implore
Gods Heaven enthroned Majesty e're more,
To put a period to her Hellish power,
That we may overtake her in an hour.
Those dreadful Murders, have the Eyes and Ears
Of some now living, heard and seen the Tears
Of Soul afflicted Parents, whose sad Eyes
Beheld their Murd'red Babes, and heard their cries,
Their Daughters Ravish'd, and when that was done,
Cruelly Murd'red; and the hopeful Son,
By unheard Torments, slain before their Eyes,
Whilst they beheld their Childrens Miseries:
Their Children Murd'red, and their Wives defil'd,
Whose Bodies they ript up being great with Child.
And all this while, Parents and Husbands, were
Forc't to behold what Flesh and Blood can't bear
The bare Relation: What *Adamant* heart
Melts not, when I these dreadful things impart?
Ripping up Children, great Women, was not all,
For that, although inhumane, was but small
Compar'd with other Torments they endur'd,
Whose Patience bore what could not else be cur'd;
Tearing out Bowels, boyling Men alive,
These Deaths & worse, those Monsters did contrive.
We see how they have dealt with every Nation,
And shall we think at last to find compassion?
The piteous cries of Parents ne're could move
Them to extend the smallest dram of Love.

The

The tears that ran from dying Infants Eyes,
Like plenteous ſhowers from the darkned Skies:
Whoſe great abundance might have made a River,
Yet all the Floods of briniſh Tears could never
Enter a Papiſts heart, ſo hard condens'd,
So void of pity, and all humane ſence.
To hear the doleful Shrieks, and dying Groans
Of poor diſtreſſed Babes, who makes their moans
To Soul-afflicted Parents e're they part,
Theſe are the things delights a Papiſts heart;
To ſee the dying gaſps, before the death
Of tortured Souls, whoſe Life-forſaken breath
Had waited many a tedious hour paſt,
When their tormented *Souls* ſhould breath their laſt.
Whoſe dolorous Sighings penetrate the Skies,
Thoſe Objects do delight a Papiſts eyes.
And can we now at laſt expect to find,
That *Rome*'s grown Merciful, and *Papiſts* kind.
No, no, we cannot do't, if we but fix
Our ſerious thoughts upon late Sixty Six:
When *London* was Conſum'd, that Famous City,
Its Ruins do beſpeak them void of pity.
By *Romes* contrivance, was fair *London* Burn'd,
England's Metropolis to Aſhes turn'd.
Their Merchants of their Riches quite bereft,
To day Rich Men, to Morrow nothing left.
Their Wives and Children harbourleſs became,
Their Subſtance all conſumed in the Flame:
To day this Famous City's deckt in Gold,
To morrow an Amazement to behold.

The doleful Shrieks, and lamentable Cries,
The floods of Tears that ran from weeping Eyes,
As true reſemblances, did repreſent
The Sorrows that our Neighbours underwent.
And can we think that Hell begotten Rage,
That did provoke ſo many to engage
In ſuch an Act, far worſe than th'*Powder Treaſon:*
Can we ſuppoſe, if we conſult with Reaſon,
The fury of their Helliſh Rage expir'd
So ſoon as e're that Famous place was Fir'd?
No, no, good Sir, your Pardon, I preſume
Thoſe Hell-ingendred flames, that did conſume
So fair a City in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
Hell gave thoſe flames Commiſſion down to raze
Not *London* only, but every Soul that hath
A heart reſolved to maintain the Faith
Of Jeſus: Proteſtants both great and ſmall,
Rome hath determin'd their Eternal Fall.
And thoſe moſt formal Proteſtants, whoſe Zeal
May ſecretly perſwade them to conceal
Their ſeeming Faith, and feignedly to cloſe
With *Romes* Erroneous Doctrine, and ſuppoſe
Thereby to ſave their Lives; let none believe
Such vain perſwaſions, many did deceive
Themſelves; for *Rome*, that Painted Whore,
Will deal with them as ſhe hath done before;
With ſuch as hoped in the ſelf ſame kind,
To meet with Mercy, but nought leſs did find.
Chriſt never gave unto his Church Commiſſion
For to make Laws for grievous Perſecution.

No

No outward force were they i'th' leaſt to uſe,
Much leſs poor Innocents for to abuſe,
By Burning, Starving, Roaſting on a Spit,
And tauntingly to make a Sport of it.
The holy Saints, and people of the Lord,
Their only Weapon was God's Sacred Word.
With that bleſs'd Sword always they overcome,
And did refute all Hereticks; but *Rome*
Makes uſe ('tis plain) of th'Carnal Sword and Fire,
'Tis Blood, 'tis Blood, this Locuſt doth deſire.
Death without Mercy, Acts of Cruelty,
The matter muſt decide continually:
The way they uſe to turn a Soul from Error,
Is the moſt dreadful Fleſh amazing Terror
Of horrid Racks, whereon a Man muſt lye
Tortur'd to Death, Dying, yet cannot Dye.
Strange kind of Inſtruments devis'd to tear
The Fleſh from off the Bones; theſe ſometimes were
Her friendly Admonitions, to reclaim
Such whom ſhe doth for Hereticks defame.
What Maſſacrees hath ſhe contriv'd by Night,
When Nature doth to reſt each Man invite!
When Sleep had clos'd their Eyes, no thoughts of (harms
Did them poſſeſs, but in their folded Arms
Their Wives and Children lay, with hopes that they
Through Grace might live to ſee another day.
Then came theſe Murd'ring Butchers, ſent from (Hell,
Nothing but Blood would their vile Rage repel;

Laying dear Babes and Mothers in their gore,
'Till all were Dead, they ſcorned to give o're:
If theſe Church-dealings will not work Contrition,
She has erected a Curſed Inquiſition;
A dreadful place of Cruelty and Blood,
Whoſe torments ſcarcely can be underſtood.
A loathſome Dungeon, and vile ſtinking Cell,
A place of Darkneſs, repreſenting Hell;
Where nothing is ſo plentiful as Tears
And bitter Sighs, and yet can find no Ears,
To hear their Cries and lamentable Moans,
Nor hearts to pity them for all their Groans;
Where many tedious days and nights they ſpend,
Not knowing when their Suffering will have end.
If ſuch like Arguments (Sir) will confute
A Heretick, the Papiſts may diſpute
With all the World; nay, Heathen *Rome* could never
Come nigh a Papiſt with their beſt endeavour:
They ſcorn all *Turks* or *Pagans*, (for contrival
Of Barbarous Cruelties) ſhould be corrival,
For inhumanities they muſt defie,
And ſcorn that Cannibals ſhould them come nigh.
A Bloody Papiſt ſtrives to counterfeit
The Plagues of Hell, as far as Mans conceit
Can reach unto, or Devils could invent,
This is the Papiſts knocking Argument:
Thus, thus is *Rome* drunk with the Martys Blood,
Which has ran down like to a mighty Flood.
O! it is *Rome* that is that Scarlet Whore,
Which thus doth hate and perſecute the Poor;

And

And all which are unto the Truth inclin'd,
To ſerve the Lord with a moſt perfect mind,
According to the tenor of his Word;
All ſuch ſhe ſtrives to put unto the Sword:
And ſuffers none to Buy, nor Sell, nor Live,
But ſuch as Homage unto her would give.
Upon her head alſo Saint *John* did ſee
Was writ the curſed name of Blaſphemy:
Setting her ſelf on God's Imperial Throne,
Saying, I am, beſides me there is none;
I have the Keys of Heaven in my hand,
Both Earth and Hell is at my ſole command;
I ſhut and open unto whom I pleaſe,
I Torment give to ſome, to others Eaſe:
Lo! thus Gods Sacred word doth point her forth,
This, this is ſhe, there's none in all the Earth
That ever did adventure to lay claim
To that preſumptuous and blaſphemous Name,
As King of Heaven, Earth, and Hell, but ſhe,
Therefore *Romes* Church muſt the vile Stumpet be.

Apoſtate.

Sir, ſpeak no more, forbear your ſland'rous lies,
The Holy Church ſuch Murd'rous Acts defies:
Do not believe all Stories you do hear,
'Tis hard for you to make theſe things appear.

Profeſſor.

Professor.

These things were not (Sir) in a corner done,
Besides, I never yet have heard of one
That is for you, or standeth on your side,
Who by just proof these things ever deny'd;
For they, alas, notoriously are known,
And many Papists also them do own:
Besides, 'twas late some of these Cruelties,
Murder and Blood, and barb'rous Tragedies
Were done and acted; some alive now be
Who with their Eyes, these Villanies did see.
About the year (dear Sir) of Fifty five,
A dreadful Massacree did *Rome* contrive,
Near unto *France*, i'th' Dukedome of *Savoy*,
Where Thirty Thousand Souls she did destroy,
Who were commanded without all delays
Papists to turn, and that within three days;
Who, for refusing, were then presently
Put unto Death with barb'rous Cruelty, (parts,
Some with sharp Spears, thrust through their privy
Whil'st others stabbed were unto their Hearts.
Some Babes they cut in pieces, some they Roasted,
And some upon the tops of Spears they tossed:
Virgins were Ravished, Widdows and Wives,
All barbarously deprived of their Lives:
Some were drove forth on bitter Ice and Snow,
And many knock'd o'th' head as they did go;
Thus were those Souls brought into Misery,
See it at large in *Morelands* History.

Two

Two hundred Thouſand Proteſtants and more,
Were Maſſacred by this vile Bloody Whore
In *Ireland*, there's many now alive
Who ſaw what kind of Deaths they did contrive,
By which ſome of their dear Relations then
Were Tortured by thoſe moſt bloody Men.
How can you, Sir, theſe things i'th' leaſt deny,
Which are ſo obvious unto ev'ry Eye.

Apoſtate.

Youth, 'tis the Faith of Roman Catholicks,
Thus for to deal with all vile Hereticks;
Yet 'twas Rebellion too, ſay what you will,
For which the Church did many thouſands kill.
To Magiſtrates they diſobedient were,
And therefore they juſt Puniſhment did bear.

Profeſſor.

Peter and *John* they Rebels were alſo,
By that ſame Argument which uſe you do.
To Magiſtrates they did refuſe to bend,
Wherein they knew, they ſhould the Lord offend.
In civil things they always did ſubmit,
And Preached alſo, 'twas a thing moſt fit,
In things which do unto Man appertain;
But Chriſt o're Conſcience ought alone to Reign.
Ev'n ſo thoſe Martyrs bare an upright mind
Unto their Prince, and ever were inclin'd
In all juſt things obedient for to be,
Yet did ſtand up for Chriſt his Soveraignty;

And

And were resolved in matters of their Faith,
To worship God as holy Scripture saith,
According to that light which he doth give,
Up unto which each Soul on Earth should live.
(Death,
And though your Church doth put poor Men to
'Twas from the Devil such curst Laws came forth.
The Tares with Wheat should grow unto the end,
Till God is pleas'd the Reapers for to send.
That 'twas from Satan, I don't doubt i'th' least,
For he did give unto this bloody Beast
His Pow'r and Seat, and his Authority,
For to effect all cursed Villany.

Apostate.

They were some evil persons without doubt,
Who creep into the Church, that work'd about
Those Murderous deeds, the Church did not allow,
But utterly against them doth avow.

Professor.

The filthy Pope, and evil Cardinal,
With Bishops, Monks, and Fryers you so call,
With fiery Jesuits; and to be brief,
In all these Murd'rous Acts, these were the chief.
Bulls, false Pardons, and cursed Dispensations,
From Bloody *Rome*, has Ruin'd many Nations.
You can't deceive, nor Hood-wink the world more,
Times have discovered the Scarlet Whore.

We

We now know how clearly to bring our charge,
As I could ſhew, but that I can't inlarge.

Apoſtate.

I know not how further (Sir) to excuſe
The Holy Church, you put me in a Muſe:
But ſhe's more kind and gentle grown of late,
And doth ſuch cruelties defie and hate.

Profeſſor.

Rome to a Wolf may fitly be compar'd,
Who whil'ſt againſt his will is quite debarr'd
From ſeeking of his Prey, being ty'd in chains,
Seems very peaceable, though he remains
A Wolf in Nature ſtill, if ever he
At any rate can get his Liberty,
Doth ſtraightway run, impatient of delay,
And cannot reſt until he's got his prey.
So *Rome* ſeems kind and gentle, until ſhe
Can find again an opportunity,
Which with unwearied pains, and often Tryal,
She ever ſeeks, and hardly takes denyal,
Which if ſhe once obtains, ſhe will not ſtay
From ſhedding Blood a minute of a day.

Apoſtate.

'Tis a vain thing with you for to contend,
And therefore I had rather make an end:
'Tis out of Love I ſpeak, to have you leave
Your evil Errors, ſpeedily to cleave

Unto

Unto that Church who only can decide
All Controverſies, even to divide
The Truth from Error, Light from Darkneſs, ſo
That every one the ready way may go.
But you ſeem ſo reſolved in your mind,
That little hopes, alas, of you I find.
But Youth, conſider once again, I pray,
The troubles of a now approaching day.
For ſore amazements will you overtake,
Unleſs you do your purpoſes forſake.
If once our Church the day obtains, be ſure
Then down you Hereticks muſt go for ever.
Let former ſtroaks of Juſtice take ſuch place,
As for to move you wiſely to embrace
That Counſel which in tender love I give,
That you in ſafety evermore may live.
Or you'l Repent that ever you begun
Theſe dang'rous ways of Hereſie to run.
'Tis a dark doleful dangerous path you go,
Recant therefore as many others do.

Profeſſor.

You may miſtake, ſometimes the Waters flow,
Yet on a ſuddain I obſerve them low.
A *Haman* may malicioufly deviſe
Poor *Mordecay* and others to ſurpriſe,
Yet may his purpoſes meet with a blaſt,
And he himſelf he Hanged too at laſt.
The Fleſh, with all its Lufts, to Mortifie,
Is hard to thoſe that love Iniquity.

The

The way to Papiſts wholly is untrod,
And unto all who haters are of God.
The way ſeems dark to you, untrod, uneven,
Hard 'tis toth' fleſh, yet 'tis the way to Heaven;
'Tis dark to you, becauſe that you are Blind,
And can't God's purpoſe in dark foot-ſteps mind;
I've a ſure hand to lead my trembling paces,
To 'ſcape the danger of thoſe dang'rous ſpaces.
I ſhall paſs ſafe by means of my beſt guide,
Though thouſands fall by me on every ſide.
For to turn back, will prove a doleful fault,
I think upon the Monument of Salt.
I am reſolv'd a thouſand Deaths to dye,
Before I'le ever yield to Popery.

Apoſtate.

Thou art too ſtrict, too righteous, and preciſe,
Thou ſlight'ſt ſuch things which prudent Men do prize;
Thou may'ſt have Chriſt, Pleaſure, and Honours too,
And ſaved be without half this ado.
There's very few alas are of your mind,
Who not to *Rome* are not at all inclin'd.

Profeſſor.

You now condemn me for my holy Life,
Wherein 'tis true, I met with ſtraits and ſtrife;
But when, dear Sir, you come at length to dye,
You'l blame your ſelf, and me you'l juſtifie.

Did

Did ever any on a dying Bed
Lament that they were by God's Spirit led
To crucifie their Sins, and undertake
All things to leave for the Lord Jeſus ſake?
If Righteous ones, alas, ſcarce ſaved are,
It greatly doth behove me to take care
In Holineſs to walk, what e're you ſay,
I from the paths of Life will never ſtray.
The way I know 'tis rough, 'tis hard and ſtrait,
And leads me alſo through a *Thorny Gate*,
Whoſe ſcratching Pricks are very ſharp and fell,
The way to Heav'n is by the Gates of Hell.
Your way 'tis true, ſeems very ſmooth and wide,
Since you from Chriſt have lately turn'd aſide,
My paths ſeem long, yours ſhort and very fair,
Free from all Rubs and Snares, yet Sir beware,
The ſafeſt path is not always moſt even,
The way to Hell's like to a ſeeming Heaven.
Shall proud Fleſh, Wantons, for a Moments pleaſure,
Expoſe themſelves to ſhame, and loſs of Treaſure?
They'l ſpend their Strength, their Gold, and their
Amongſt their ſenſual dame helliſh mates. (Eſtates
Shall curſed Pleaſures thus be priz'd, and muſt
The Joys above be cheaper than a Luſt?
Th'Ambitious Gallant, for to hoyſt his Name,
Upon the wings of Honour, and of Fame;
How will he venture on the point of Spears,
And face the Mouth of Cannons! nought he fears:
With courage ſtout, how will he fight i'th' Flood,
When briniſh Seas are mixt with humane Blood?

Shall

Shall wretched Man be at the Devils will,
And dangers run, his Luſt for to fulfil?
And ſhall not I, when God commands me forth,
Ingage for him with all my might on Earth?
Or ſhall the promis'd Crown of endleſs Life,
Be judg'd a triffle, and not worth a ſtrife?
That which vain Man accounts to be moſt rare,
Is not obtain'd but with much coſt and care.
Things of great worth on Earth, are got by pains,
And he who ventures nothing, nothing gains.
And ſhall I then be ſtartled with a frown,
When full aſſur'd of an Eternal Crown?
The ſtrife which doth an Holy Life attend,
Will recompenſed be I'm ſure i'th' end.
I will go on, ſince Jeſus doth invite me,
His ſtrength is mine, and nothing ſhall affright me.

Apoſtate.

I do perceive you are reſolv'd to run
In your ſtrict ways, until you're quite undone;
Yet hear a little what I have to ſpeak,
And you will find 'tis beſt for you to take
The Council which I give; for you'l eſpy
Great Ruin fall upon you ſuddenly.
Your Father will not own you for his Son,
If in this fooliſh ſtrictneſs you'l go on;
His Face expect hereafter not to ſee,
If this your purpoſe and your pleaſure be.

Professor.

If Father, Mother, and dear Brethren too
Forsake me quite, yet still I well do know
My precious Saviour will my Soul embrace,
And I shall see sweet Smiles from his dear Face;
My self and my Relations all (though dear)
I do deny, such is the Love I bear
To my dear Lord, whose Servant now am I,
And do resolve to be until I dye.
Come Life, come Death, for *Canaan* I'le endeavor,
It is my Home, and resting place for ever.
Better it is that Earthly Friends abuse me,
Than that Christ Jesus should at last refuse me.
I'de rather bear my Fathers Wrath and Ire,
Than to be cast into Eternal-Fire.

Apostate.

Fie, fie, Young-Man, forbear and take advice,
Let not hot Zeal thy fancy thus intice,
For to refuse those pleasant things which you
May hear enjoy as many others do:
'Tis much too soon for thee to mind such things,
For nought but grief and dotage from it springs;
'Twill dull thy Wit, and make thee like a Droan,
And thou'lt be slighted too by every one.
How might'st thou live at ease, and pleasure have,
If once these ways thou would'st resolve to leave;
And like a Flower, flourish in the Spring,
And with young Gallants might'st rejoyce and sing,

And

And ſpend thy days in pleaſure ſweet and rare:
I prithee youth conſider, O take care
To chear thy heart; behold now in thy ſight,
What earthly joys moſt ſweetly do invite.

Profeſſor.

Young it is true I am, and in my prime,
Therefore reſolve for to improve my time:
The flower of my days do'ſt think I will
Give to the Devil, Luſt for to fulfil?
Shall *Satan* have the primeſt of my days,
And put off Chriſt with baſe and vile delays
Until old Age, and then at laſt preſent
The dregs of time to him? I'le not conſent
To ſuch vile thoughts, I will not lend an Ear,
I to my Saviour more affection bear.
Since firſt of th' living Spring my Soul did drink,
All ſinful pleaſures in my Noſe do ſtink.
More precious Joys I find in my dear Lord,
Than all this World doth, yea, or can afford.
If I am ſlighted for Chriſt Jeſus ſake,
And judg'd a Fool or Droan, yet I can take
All for him, who for me hath undergone
More ſhame than this, before his work was done.
This is my chooſing time, I have made choice,
Gods Word I will obey, and hear his Voice.
Gods Council'tis, that firſt of all in Youth
I ſhould him ſeek, and cleave unto the Truth.
Your Council I abhor; ſhall Luſtful Fire
Be kindled in my Breaſt? ſhall my deſire

Run out again to *Egypts* Curſed ſtuff,
I know 'tis nought, of it I have enough.

Apoſtate.

Alaſs, the Journey's long, you'l wearied be,
And faint, before that Kingdom you do ſee.

Profeſſor.

Nay Sir, be Silent, that is falſe, for I
By Faith moſt clearly do the Land eſpy.
But is the Journey long? blame me no more,
Betime i'th' Morning I ſet out therefore.
Why did'ſt thou ſay it was too ſoon for me
For to ſet out? If long the Journey be,
I do reſolve in youth with ſpeed to ſtrive,
Leſt I too late at laſt ſhould there arrive.
While ſtrength and youth do laſt, I'le bend my mind
To Travel hard, becauſe I clearly find
Old Age, and weary Limbs, quite out of caſe
To go a Journey, or to Run a Race.
Alaſs, when Night is ready to come in,
That's not the time this Journey to begin,
When Sun, and Moon, and Stars all darkned be,
And Clouds return, that we no light can ſee;
When Rain and Tempeſts do moſt ſore appear,
And th'Keepers of the Houſe all trembling are:
When the ſtrong Men themſelves are forc'd to bow,
And grinders ceaſe alſo, becauſe that now
They are but few, and ready to fall out,
And thoſe through Windows, which do look about

An

Are become dim, nay, darkned without light,
And doors too in the ſtreet are ſhut up quite.
When the low ſound o'th' grinders ſcarcely heard,
He riſes up to at the voice o'th' Bird:
And all the Daughters of ſweet Muſick rare,
Are brought too low, don't for ſuch Muſick care,
And fears increaſe on thoughts of what's on high,
Fears in the way, and fears for what is nigh;
When flouriſh ſhall the Almond Tree alſo,
And th' Graſhopper ſhall be a Burden too:
When looſed is the precious Silver Cord,
And Golden Bole is broken, as we have heard;
When the weak Pitcher at the Fountain's broke,
And th' wheel at the Ciſtern with a heavy ſtroke:
When deſire fails, and there alaſs is none,
What will ſuch do, who han't this Race begun?
Beſides, 'tis clear my days uncertain be,
Old Age, alaſs, I may not live to ſee.
Young-men are quickly gone, for I behold
Daily as young as I are turn'd toth' Mould.
My own experience doth diſcover this,
My Life's a Bubble, and a Vapour is
The flower which doth ſpread, and is ſo gay,
Soon may it fade, and wither quite away.
If I therefore have much work for to do,
Or as you ſay, ſo long a way to go:
It doth concern me then, with all my Power,
For to improve each day, yea, every hour.

For days to come I ſee may not be mine,
My time I'le ſpend, not as thou ſpendeſt thine;
My weights I'le caſt away, this Race to Run,
Stand ſtill I muſt not, nor with thee return:
I muſt provide me Oyl, get Grace in ſtore,
For e're a while I ſhall be ſeen no more
This ſide the Grave; I haſt therefore to meet
The glorious Judge, at the great Judgment-Seat.
I muſt make haſt, be ſwift, like to the Sun,
Leſt that my Work's to do when time is done.

Apoſtate.

To you, Young man, I have declared much
Of the ſad danger, but your Zeal is ſuch,
Naught that I ſay with you takes any place,
You don't believe me, that's the very caſe.
But what's the reaſon, youth, ſo many folk
Decline thoſe paths in which you now do walk?
Were ways of your ſtrict Holineſs ſo ſweet,
They in this ſort would never back retreat;
I did reſolve with others for to try,
And find you all deceived utterly.
Your whole Religion's naught, but meer conceit,
Let none therefore thy Soul with Fancies cheat.
Since wiſe Men daily do your ways forſake,
Be thou adviſ'd, and other Counſel take.

Profeſſor.

If thouſands fall away, it is no more
Than what the Scripture ſhews was heretofore.

Thou-

Thouſands of old from *Egypt* did adventure,
And yet but two of them did *Canaan* enter:
They never had of Chriſt a ſaving taſte,
Who quite away their ſeeming hopes do caſt.
Their hearts alaſs are rotten and unſound,
Who in Chriſt Jeſus never ſweetneſs found:
But what of this? Shall I my Lord deny
Becauſe that you ſome Hypocrites eſpy?
Thoſe who do Murmur in the Wilderneſs,
The Land of Promiſe never ſhall poſſeſs.
But if they will the precious Lord Revoke,
Shall I from thence reſolve to ſlip the Yoke;
Becauſe ſo many walk i'th' way to Hell,
Shall I conclude that Heaven don't excell
The vain enjoyments of an evil World?
Or ſhall with Fancies thus my Soul be hurl'd,
To think, becauſe that Swine the Grains do chuſe,
And Pearls do tread upon, and them refuſe,
There is more worth in thoſe baſe ſtinking Grains,
Than in thoſe true Pearls which the Merchant (gains.
Becauſe theſe ſilly Men have loſt their way,
Shall I on purpoſe therefore go aſtray?
Becauſe that *Judas* did for Thirty Pence
Sell his dear Lord, ſhall I conclude from thence,
Peter a Fool, who priz'd his favour ſo,
That for his ſake all things he'd undergo?
If fearful ſoldiers baſely quit the Field,
Shall valiant Champions therefore ſtrait-way yield

Moſt cowardly unto their treacherous Foe,
Whom they aſſured were to overthrow.
If Marriners unskill'd in Navigation
Are ſplit on Rocks, ſhall all then in the Nation
That have that curious Art, reſolve therefore
Never to uſe the Art of Sailing more?
Becauſe the Sluggard ſees the Winds do blow,
The Rain deſcending with cold Hail and Snow,
He doth give o're, and ſays no longer will
Remain 'th' Field his Barren Land to Till:
Shall faithful Husband-men from the like ground,
Who have oftentimes, by good experience found,
Without they Sow, no Harveſt can they have,
Reſolve their painful Labours quite to leave?
He that wont Plow, becauſe o'th' Snow or Rain,
Shall Beg at Harveſt, and ſhall nought obtain:
So in like ſort, to mind my preſent caſe,
'Cauſe Perſons void of Gods true ſaving Grace
Do Poſtatize, as you your ſelf have done,
Muſt I toth' Devil with you headlong Run?
'Cauſe ſome Profeſſors ſecretly do love
Some baſe Corruptions, doth this therefore prove
There's none ſincere for God in all the Earth
Whoſe Souls experience do the ſecond Birth?
I for my part, through Grace, have this to ſay,
I never ſhall, nor can I fall away:
All thoſe whom God has unto Jeſus given,
They never can be diſpoſſeſs'd of Heaven;
The Promiſe of Eternal Life is theirs,
And they like *Iſaac* even ſo are Heirs,

Who

Who could not miſs, nor diſpoſſeſſed be,
Unleſs Gods word's made a meer Nullity,
God's Covenant alſo with Chriſt doth ſtand,
Who can ſupply our wants on ev'ry hand:
Sin ſhall not Reign, ſuch is our happy Caſe,
We are not under the Law, but under Grace.
This Covenant is not like to the Old,
We of a ſurer Perſon now have hold.
We ſtand not now as *Adam* did 'tis plain,
God never will truſt that Old-man again.
Our credit's nothing worth, our Surety
Is in our Room, our wants he muſt ſupply.
Beſides all this, I'le hint another thing,
Which to my Soul doth much refreſhment bring:
He that's the Author of my Faith, I ſpy,
Will finiſh it himſelf aſſuredly.
He that in me has a good work begun,
Will perfect it alſo e're he has done.
Within Gods Saints Eternal Life doth dwell,
This would remove the doubt conſider'd well:
Thoſe unto whom Eternal Life is given,
How can it be that ſuch ſhould miſs of Heaven?
And now to 'breviate 'tis my intent,
Sir, if you pleaſe to frame one Argument,
If the new Creature in the Souls of Men
Is of Gods Spirit born, I argue then,
The ſame in nature it be ſure muſt be,
Which cannot Death, or like Mutation ſee;
But that 'tis of Gods Spirt born, is clear,
As *John* the Third doth make moſt plain appear.

The

The Seed doth alſo in their Souls remain,
They cannot Sin to Death who're Born again;
God's fear moreover is ſo in their heart,
That they from him ſhall never more depart.
Thus in my ſtanding very firm and ſure,
And to the end I know I ſhall endure:
And as for thoſe who fall away and Dye,
I ſhall diſcover clearly by and by,
What kind of Men and Women they are all,
Which will hold forth the cauſe of their dire fall.

Apoſtate.

Moſt confident I do perceive you are,
Daunted at nothing, yet pray let me hear
Thoſe perſons Names which you did lately meet,
Who finally reſolve for to Retreat,
And leave thoſe paths which you ſeem to commend,
Come, ſpeak to this, and we will make an end.

Profeſſor.

Sir, unto me it doth moſt plain appear,
As if they Cowards and faint-hearted were;
Under their Tongues alſo, cloſe ſecretly
Some pleaſant Morſels I am ſure do lye:
And in them all doth reign ſome curſed Evil,
Which makes them to conform unto the Devil.

Apoſtate.

As you ſuppoſe, but pray, youth, have a care,
For they ſincere and ſober People are.

And

And I do queſtion, whether yea or nay
Thou do'ſt them know, what further haſt to ſay?

Profeſſor.

I told you, Sir, I knew them very well,
And ſince you urge me, I reſolve to tell
What kind of Folk they are, and alſo ſhall
Their Names diſcover unto great and ſmall:
Maſter *Fearful* was one that I did ſee,
With him was goodly *Senſuality*,
With Dame *Misbelief*, and Goodman *Outſide*,
Who turn'd from Chriſt as ſoon as they were try'd:
One *Unbelief*, a very Wicked Man,
Turn him out of his way, there's no Man can:
Beſides them alſo, there's one *Earthly-heart*,
Who loves nothing ſo well as Plow and Cart:
Alſo there's *Eſau Faint heart*, moſt Prophane,
That ſells his Birth-right, Pottage to obtain;
With *Belly-God*, a Man that I do find,
Fleſh-pots and Onyons chiefly he doth mind.
There's Miſtreſs *Diſcontent* too with the reſt,
Who would have nought but what ſhe liketh beſt.
Maſter *Hot-love ſoon Cold*, alſo was there,
Lately for Zeal with him few could compare:
There's *Iſhmael Legal-heart*, in Truth alſo,
When troubles riſe, he ſtrait away doth go
With Maſter *Balaam*, who doth Jeſus leave,
The wages of Unrighteouſneſs to have:
Some People alſo I have lately met,
Who were with Sin moſt eaſily beſet;

And divers heavy weights alſo they bore,
Which wearied them, and made them to give o're.
A Gentleman I alſo did behold,
Whoſe Trade was great, and ſtore he had of Gold,
He's going back with Sorrow I do know,
Becauſe he can't have Chriſt and the World to.
One Maſter *Atheiſt*, that I think's his Name,
As like your ſelf as if he were the ſame;
He's fallen back ſo far, and turn'd aſide,
That at Religion he doth much deride:
He thinks Religion's but a fooliſh thing,
Which doth no comfort nor no profit bring;
This is too true, you alſo are the Man,
To clear your ſelf, deny it if you can;
No marvel 'tis you play the Devils part,
In labouring thus for to deceive my Heart,
And blind mine Eyes, if that thou kneweſt how:
Thou'dſt make me like thy ſelf, and therefore now
I am reſolv'd with thee for to engage,
Who ſtriv'ſt to ſtop me in my Pilgrimage:
A Foe more vile than you, what Soul can meet?
I'le therefore bring you down unto my feet.
Some Stones I think to fetch out of Gods Book,
Though like *Goliah* you do ſeem to look,
Yet in his Name, whom you ſo much defie,
I ſhall prevail againſt you by and by.
I thought, I muſt confeſs, ſome years ago,
I ſhould not in the leaſt been ſtopt by you;
Or that I ſhould have met with oppoſition
With ſuch a Foe to add to my Affliction.

But

But ſince this is my ſad unhappy fate,
I'le add a line or two to vindicate
The dreadful God, ſo far as lies in me
I'le vindicate that Glorious Deity;
Who in my Soul his Image ſo has ſet.
That I his glorious Being can't forget.
Shall he which formed both Heaven and Earth,
From whom I have my precious Life and Birth,
Be trod upon, nay, utterly deny'd?
What Soul can ſuch a ſinful Wretch abide?
Who ſtrives at once, if that you could it do,
The Life of all Religion to o'rethrow.
Haſt thou got ought to ſpeak, and wilt thou enter
On the Debate; yea, durſt thou adventure
To ope thy Mouth i'th' leaſt for to defend
Thoſe thoughts of thine, which clearly do aſcend
From Hell beneath? thou'lt prove thy ſelf thereby
The Devils Friend, *Jehovahs* Enemy.

Apoſtate.

'Thou childiſh Lad, do'ſt think I am afraid
For to declare my ſelf, or am diſmay'd
By ſilly Dreams and Fancies, which affright
Thoſe ſimple ones, who dare not walk i'th' night:
Who ſtartle at the ſhaddow which they ſee,
And think the Devil's near, when 'tis a Tree?
And ſince I do perceive you underſtand
What my Opinion is, I do demand
How you can prove, and fully make appear
There is a God, for none at all I fear.

No

No God nor Devil I at all Believe,
Nor is there any Heaven to receive
The Souls of Holy Men when they do Die:
Nor is there any Hell of Miſery
For Sinners after Death, as you conceit;
All is nought elſe ſave a Religious Cheat.

Profeſſor.

Dare you your Maker thus with Impudence
Deny, and tread upon? Such Inſolence
What Soul can hear! what Age can ſhew the like,
Where ſo much light hath been: ſhall Mortals ſtrike
At the great God and glorious Deity?
Whoſe dreadful Being and Exiſtency
The Heathens did find out, and greatly fear;
His God-head did to them moſt plain appear
By the Creation, Man, as in a Glaſs,
May there behold who his Creator was.
'Tis time to Arm my ſelf, and look about,
When by an Atheiſt I am challeng'd out;
When the whole of all Religion lies at ſtake,
'Tis time to rouſe, and alſo for to ſhake
Off Sloth and Idleneſs, and to engage
With ſuch a Foe in this my Pilgrimage.
If once I ſhould unto an Atheiſt yield,
And Treach'rouſly alſo acquit the Field;
The ſtrongeſt hold of Truth betray ſhould I
Into the hands of its worſt Enemy:
And ſhould Unman my ſelf of Chriſtian too,
And my dear Soul of reaſon overthrow,

I ſhould

I ſhould debate my ſelf, ſhould I deny
My Noble Birth from the great Deity.
Man's chiefeſt Glory ſprings from's Supream Head,
In his deſcent from him, who made and bred,
And brought him forth, and doth his Life maintain,
From hence Man doth his greateſt Honour gain.
'Tis Power Divine that Man doth greaten thus,
As to make him King of the Univerſe.
Who e're diſowns his bleſſed Pedigree,
Doth prove himſelf unnatural for to be.
For Man to ſay he came by hap or chance,
As 'tis a piece of wilful Ignorance,
Himſelf alſo he doth depoſe thereby
From his own Honour, and rare Dignity;
And vile contempt upon himſelf doth bring,
As well as dirt upon that Eſſence fling
Who form'd his Soul, and gave to him his Breath,
And made him Ruler here upon the Earth.
But to proceed, and lend my helping hand,
In the defence of Sacred Truth to ſtand,
And vindicate my great Creators cauſe,
By Natures Light, and alſo by thoſe Laws
Which ſupernat'ral are, and moſt Divine,
Whoſe Light excels, yea, and whoſe Glories ſhine;
You ask me how I can make it appear.
There is a God, attend, and now give Ear,
And weigh my Arguments and Reaſons ſound,
And let not Satan more your Soul confound,
And reaſon quite deſtroy, as he hath done,
Leſt to the Devil you do headlong run.

Apostate.

Before you do proceed, this you must know,
If you a God do think to prove or show,
Besure of this, Young-man, it must not be
By Scripture-proof, for its Authority
I do deny, and cannot it Believe,
You never shall that way my heart deceive:
The knowledge which you supernatural call,
Is a meer Cheat, I mind it not at all.

Professor.

Though supernatural knowledge you despise,
And count God's Holy Word to be but Lies;
I briefly shall stand up in its defence,
And shew your Pride, and cursed Insolence.
That all may love Gods word, prize it, and see
Its worth and weight, and its Authority
To be Divine, and by *Jehovah* given
To lead poor Souls in the right way to Heaven:
One thing of you in the first place I demand,
Pray let me know, and fully understand,
When this supposed Cheat did first commence,
And in what part o'th' world, bring evidence.
Egypt stands mute, saith it commenc'd not here,
Nor did the *Jews* invent it, that's as clear.
Ask all the Heathens too in every Age,
If their Philosophers brought it on the Stage.
If you can find it out, pray bring't to light,
Or else confess your darkness worse than night.

'Tis

'Tis ſtrange that ſuch an Univerſal Cheat
Should thus be put upon the World, and yet
No one can ſhew who did the ſame deviſe,
Nor how nor when the ſame at firſt did riſe;
Since all the World ſtands ſilent and is mute,
This might a period put to the Diſpute.
But ſecondly, I argue once again,
There's none of them who do ſo much diſdain
The Holy Scriptures, who juſt proof could bring
To ſhew i'th' leaſt they were a forged thing:
If none can them diſprove, O then ſay I,
What ground have you the Scripture to deny?
The Scriptures alſo I obſerve have been
Strangely preſerv'd by a power unſeen:
In every Age, kept both in word and ſence,
From ſecret fraud and open violence,
Againſt the num'rous Armies of all thoſe
That were both ſecret, yea, and open Foes;
No wicked or malitious Men could ever
Subvert the Scripture, though they did endeavour.
The Beaſtly Clergy of the Church of *Rome*,
Thorow whoſe hands, to us, the Scriptures come;
Though guilty of moſt vile Abomination,
As ever was committed in a Nation,
Their curſed Sins are hateful to relate,
Which they committed, and did tollerate;
And that they might more freely do the ſame,
And ſo be kept from ſad reproach and ſhame,
They ſay the Pope himſelf may change the Laws
Of the Holy Goſpel, as himſelf ſees cauſe;

And make the ſence of Scriptures to agree
With time and place, as he moſt fit doth ſee.
How free thoſe Sacrilegious Monſters were,
(Had God admitted) to extinguiſh'd clear
The Sacred Scripture, and put out their light,
And fill'd the World with an Eternal Night.
But we may ſee, although it made its way
Through thoſe muddy Channels, yet have they
Been ſtill kept pure, and ſtill remain a Law
To keep moſt Men, ſave Bloody Popes, in awe.
Now, if againſt ſo many Enemies,
Who us'd all means that Devils could deviſe
To obliterate that Soul Informing word,
It was preſerv'd, and not by humane Sword:
How dare you Sir, preſume for to deny
Its Bleſſed and Divine Authority?
Another ground or reaſon I ſhall urge,
Which proves Gods Word Divine, as I do judge:
'Tis taken from that Influence they have
Upon their Hearts, whom God intends to ſave;
It turns them from thoſe curſed ways of Sin,
Which once they loved and delighted in.
It brings them out of darkneſs into light,
Yea, and diſcovers Jeſus to their ſight;
Filling their Soul with inward Life and Peace,
And precious joy, the which ſhall never ceaſe.
The glorious power which God did afford
Always for thoſe who ſtood up for his Word,
Moſt clearly ſhews, methinks to every Eye,
The Scripture's true, and their Authority

To

To be Divine, what-ever you may ſay,
I cannot give this Argument away.
How have they been ſupported in the Flames,
Which as it did perpetuate their Names,
So God thereby did ſtir up ten for one,
To ſtand up for his Word when they were gone.
Ah! how did they rejoyce, Sir, in the Fire,
Which made their very Enemies admire.
Would thou one Inſtance have, I could give two,
And ten times Twenty more if that would do.
But if I ſhould, I am ſure I ſhould Tranſgreſs,
And over-charge the Appendix and the Preſs.
And therefore I will add one reaſon more,
To prove Gods Word Divine, and ſo give o're.
How has the Scripture made the Atheiſt quake,
And all his Limbs with dreadful horror ſhake!
When on a Death-Bed they have come to lye,
Their Conſcience waking, in their Face did fly,
Though in their Health, they did it much deſpiſe,
And did affirm, it was made up with lyes.
Yet has it made them howl at laſt and cry,
We are undone to all Eternity.
'Twas like unto the Writing on the Wall,
Which did foretel prophane *Belſhazzers* fall;
Which was ſo terrible, yea, and ſo ſtrange,
It wrought amongſt them a moſt ſudden change.
Their Mirth and Jollity doth now expire,
And the proud King doth earneſtly deſire
To hear it read, nought then would ſerve his turn
But an Interpreter: His heart did burn,

His trembling Knees ſmote one againſt another,
As if his Joynts were looſed from each other:
Thus thoſe that wont confeſs *Jehovah's* Name,
Are forc'd to own him to their utter ſhame.
And thoſe who will not of Gods word allow,
Are forc'd by Conſcience under it to bow.
Theſe being weigh'd, may make you quite give o're,
Yea, and Gods word thus to oppoſe no more:
Now if the Scripture cannot be gain-ſaid,
Methinks each Soul ſhould be exceeding fraid
How they contemn that glorious Deity,
Whom they ſo clearly ſhew and magnifie.
But to leave this a little, and deſcend
To Mans own reaſon, which you ſo commend.
How many Heathens did alone thereby,
Find out (dear Sir) God's glorious Majeſty.
If you your Reaſon did but Exerciſe,
From Atheiſm doubtleſs you ſoon might riſe,
And hate alſo this Soul deſtroying Evil,
Thus ſiding with, and yielding to the Devil.

Apoſtate.

Amongſt the Heathens (youth) were Men of Fame,
Who for their skill in Nature, had the Name
Above all others, which did quite deny
There was a God, or ſuch a Deity.

Profeſſor.

Your *Epicurus*, and old *Ariſtotle*,
With *Theodorus*, *Bion*, and the Rabble,

And

And ſuch like Atheiſts I muſt grant to you,
Deny'd there was a God, as Stories ſhew:
Philoſophy is good, but Men abuſe it,
When they, like thoſe old Heathens uſe it:
God doth ſometimes Mens reaſon darken quite,
For not improving of the means of Light.
To vile affections up God doth them give,
Becauſe on Earth like Brutes they ſeem to live.
But though theſe Naturaliſts could not eſpy
By all their skill, th'Eternal Deity,
Yet many thouſand Heathens I might ſhow
By Natures light, alone did come to know
There was a God, they ſearched ſo about
Into Gods works, they found his God-head out.
For when they gave themſelves up ſeriouſly
To ſtudy Natures Book, and come to pry
Into the cauſe of all things here on Earth,
And their Effects, did clearly ſee the Birth
Or firſt Original of every thing,
From ſuch an Eſſence to deſcend or ſpring.
The very Novices in Natures School,
May ſoon convince that Man to be a Fool,
Who by the Creatures glory can't diſcern
The Being of that dreadful Soveraign
Who did them form and make, for every where
His glorious God-head they to all declare:
Had I but time, I could ſome Pages fill,
And ſhew to you, how that Mans reaſon will
Teach him there is a God; for if he mind
The nature of his Soul, this he might find,

Mans

Mans Soul is like a Spring, or like to Fire,
It resteth not aloft, it does aspire,
And unto *Noahs* Dove, I'le it compare,
God is the Ark, Souls rest alone is there;
The Flesh dams up the Spring, quenches desire,
Keeps out o'th' Ark to which it would retire:
Since I perceive Mans Soul doth search about
To find some higher Good and Being out,
Which doth excel all things which are below,
This doth to us Gods glorious Being show.
But to conclude, this no Man can disown,
God by his Judgments daily is made known.
What sad Examples daily do we hear
Of Wrath and Vengeance almost every where?
Some Drunkards & Blasphemers struck down dead,
And others with strange Judgments tortured?
Some have presum'd the Holy God to dare,
Whom he would not one little Minute spare;
If this will not convince you of your Error,
I fear you will e're long fall under Terror:
For if you will not now Example take,
God may of you a sad Example make:
Your state, alass, above all Men is sad,
Because of God you once such knowledge had,
And of his ways, which now you loath and hate:
O Sir, consider this your woful State,
And cry to God, if peradventure he,
May give you grace, whereby your Soul may see
Your hainous Sin, that so you may Repent,
And turn to God before your days be spent.

Apostate.

Apoſtate.

I muſt confeſs, I know not what to ſay;
If there's a God, then curſed be the day
That ever I was Born, for I do know,
He never unto me will Mercy ſhow:
I now reſolve to open my condition,
Though all's in vain; for there is no Contrition
Will do me good, I utterly am loſt,
For I have Sin'd againſt the Holy Ghoſt:
I wilfully have Sin'd, and there remains
Nothing for me but Everlaſting pains.
O that there were no God! for then ſhould I
Be like the Beaſt when e're I come to Die.
For love o'th' World, and for my preſent eaſe,
I am become like to the troubled Seas;
No reſt nor comfort ever ſhall I find,
Curs'd be the day that ever I declin'd
From theſe good ways in which dear youth you go,
Or ever I did God or Jeſus know:
For if I had not known them, it is clear
My Sin would not ſo hainous now appear:
My Conſcience doth prick me to the Heart,
I never ſhall be eas'd of this ſmart:
O that I were in Hell! for then ſhould I
Soon ſee the worſt of my Extremity.
Thou ſhalt (dear Youth) for ever happy be,
For thou art choſen from Eternity,
To be an Heir of the Eternal Bliſs,
But I alaſs am Damn'd! What woe like this?

The

The Devil with his gliſt'ring Golden-Ball
Hath me Deceiv'd, and now I ſee my fall
To be ſo bad, no Tongue can it expreſs;
My woful pain is quite remedileſs.
The checks of Conſcience I did greatly ſlight,
And loved Darkneſs greatly, hated Light:
Yea, and of Good I never lov'd to hear,
Though I of him had hints oft-times moſt clear;
And now will he my Soul in pieces tear,
And make me his Eternal Vengeance bear.
Let all Back-ſliders of me Warning take,
Before they fall into the *Stygian-Lake*;
Yea and return, and make with God their Peace
Before the days of Grace and Mercy ceaſe?
For mine are paſt for ever, oh! condole
My ſad Eſtate and miſerable Soul:
My days will quickly end, and I muſt lye
Broyling in Flames to all Eternity.

I. my days will quickly
end

FINIS.